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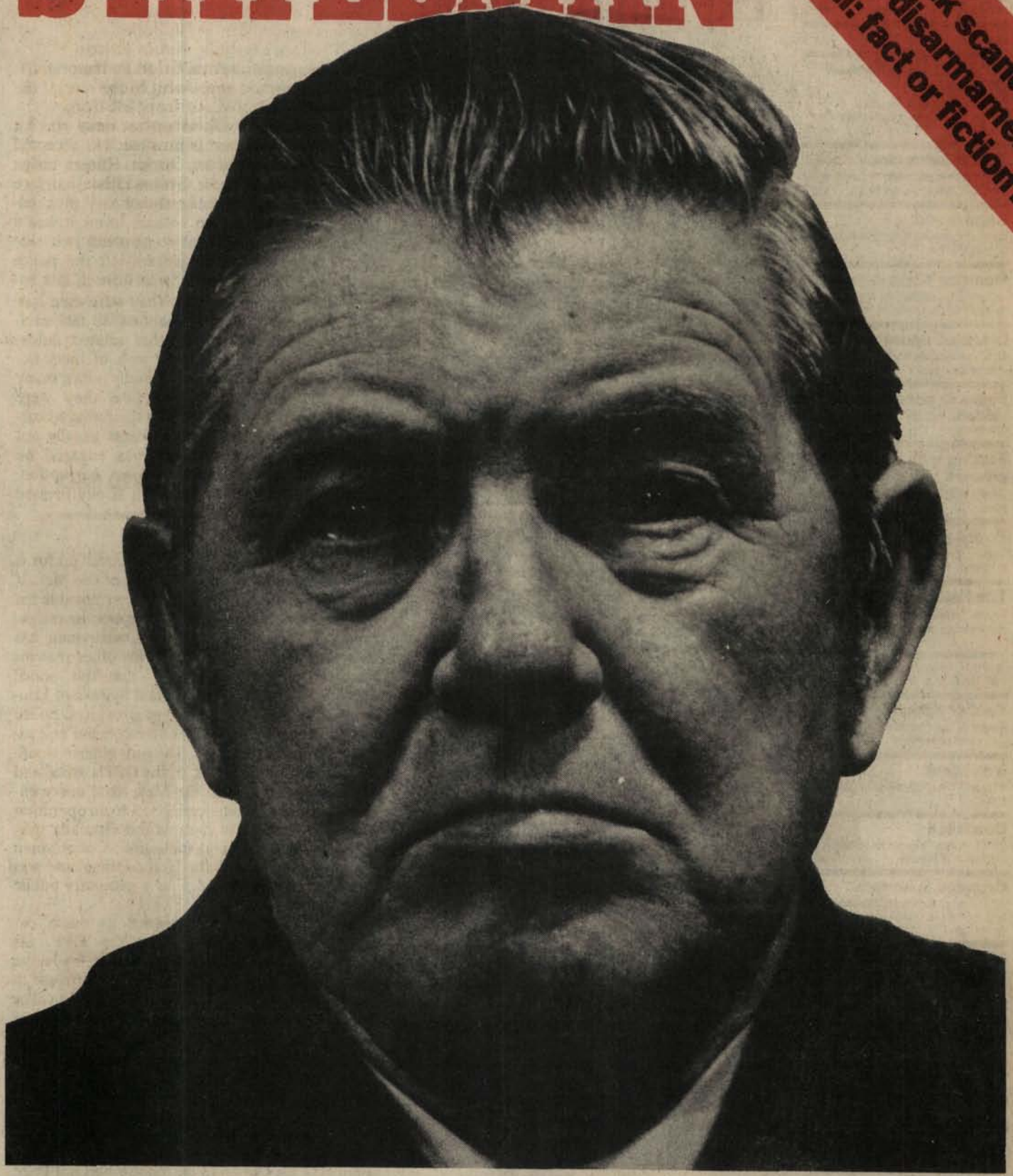

MELLISH'S MAFIA

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NEW STATESMAN Vol 104 No 2681 6 August 1982

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New Statesman
10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ.
Tel: 01-405 8471. Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London WC1
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Explain or resign

IF PARLIAMENT were now sitting, the government would be wrestling with a major political scandal concerning the Metropolitan Police and the Director of Public Prosecutions. If even half of the allegations contained in Granada Television's *World in Action* programme on Monday, which looked back over the four years of the Countryman inquiry into Met. corruption, were true, the case for fundamental reform of the Met. is completely made. If the meeting described in the programme, held in December 1979, took place between Mr Arthur Hambleton (the first head of the Countryman operation), Mr Patrick Kavanagh (the Met's Deputy Commissioner) and Sir Thomas Hetherington (the Director of Public Prosecutions), then Hetherington should be required to resign at once from public office.

If the Home Secretary has not grasped the Met. nettle by the autumn, the Labour Party must hound him. It must also ensure that an entirely new administrative and political structure for the policing of London is a key plank in its next election manifesto. Our strongly preferred reform would be the setting up of a separate and politically accountable police authority or authorities for London, with the 'national' police functions at present carried out by the Met. hived off under Home Office control. But any break-up of the present incompetent and corrupt structure would be better than the *status quo*.

Scotland Yard and the DPP declined to take part in the Granada programme. The rebuttals put out since are lame and partial. The Home Secretary, no doubt, has a difficult political path to tread. As the Cabinet minister directly responsible, he has to have a care for the morale of the Met. And he has to guard his own back against those in his own party who identify even constructive criticism of the police with extremism. But he cannot avoid the following facts.

Corruption is rife in the Met. When three senior, experienced and responsible policemen, like the former Chief Constable of Dorset, the former Chief Constable of Devon and Cornwall and an ex-Inspector of Constabulary, are prepared to appear in the same television programme to say so in quiet and measured terms, that is testimony which even a Conservative Home Secretary cannot ignore. Sir Robert Mark obviously made a determined attempt to deal with corruption during his term as Commissioner. He used to claim privately that he had 'bust a bent copper for every working day he was there'. Retrospectively, his moral crusade was not helped by lending himself to commercial tyre advertisements on television. More importantly, though, his method never went to the root of the problem.

Mark's concern was to get as *many* corrupt policemen out as *fast* as possible. He accepted that the easiest way was to let officers resign voluntarily, if they chose to do so rather than face investigation and possible disciplinary proceedings, or prosecution. In volume terms it was a successful operation. But it involved two side effects. First, scores of officers left the police service with clean records, who were in fact under suspicion of corruption. They were then free (and on paper admirably qualified) to take civilian jobs in security and other related fields, potentially strengthening the web of links between crime and the Met. Secondly, since many of these officers jumped before they were pushed, further investigation of their alleged corruption was not necessary and was usually not pursued. But at least Mark was engaged on something like a crusade against corruption. Since he left, the foot has been firmly pressed down on the soft pedal.

THE corruption and the need to cover up for it are part of the institutional fabric of the Met. If that is the case, it is clearly no longer possible for the Met. to run its own anti-corruption investigations. On the other hand, as Countryman has shown, it is extremely difficult for other reasons for the function to be given to non-Met. police officers. The police and criminal byways of London are so different from most provincial police experience that the chances of successful investigation are much reduced. The only chance would be if at the political level, in the DPP's office and at the highest levels in the Met. itself every encouragement and help were given to an operation like Countryman. In fact, as the Granada programme only served to underline, Countryman was 'not popular with the Home Office' and was only tolerated by the Met. as a necessary public relations exercise.

Equally, Countryman needed as much encouragement as possible from the DPP. Sir Thomas Hetherington has repeatedly made the assertion that the only function of his office is to make a professional judgment, free of political or other pressures, as to whether there is at least a 50:50 chance of conviction before he agrees to bring a prosecution. This implies a kind of mechanical measurement of legal probability that is wholly spurious in such matters. The then head of Countryman has now publicly testified that he left a meeting at which the DPP was present, having been put under pressure to issue a statement that his Countryman inquiry had not been obstructed, when in fact his complaint was that it had. Unless the DPP produces a more convincing account of his role in this apparent attempt to diminish the effectiveness of the Countryman operation than he has done so far, he should not continue in office. □

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Rob Edwards on nuclear accountability

Millions spent on Sizewell before Inquiry begins

THE CENTRAL Electricity Generating Board is planning to order the pressure vessel for the nuclear station at Sizewell in Suffolk before the start of the public inquiry in January next year.

This was confirmed last week by a senior CEGB official who admitted that if the reactor did not get the go-ahead as a result of the inquiry 'we're into penalty clauses'. She told the *New Statesman* that the two companies in the running for the order were Creusot Loire in France and Combustion Engineering in the US. She stressed that only design work would be carried out and that fabrication would not begin until the reactor has been given the green light.

A CEGB press officer however was careful not to comment on the possibility that a contract for the pressure vessel might be signed, although he did say that it was necessary to identify contractors at an early stage because of the long lead times involved. 'Time is money on these projects' he explained, 'and one of the primary levers of our opponents is delay.' Labour MP Robin Cook has written to the Government urging that no pressure vessel contract be signed until the inquiry has reached a verdict.

The 450-tonne pressure vessel, which is designed to contain the reactor core and a large volume of pressurised water, is to be made out of steel up to 14 inches thick and could cost in the region of £10 million. Its design and the possibility of cracks leading to radiation leakages have been a source of controversy in the past.

It has also been suggested in the *Financial Times* that the joint management team set up by the CEGB to run the Sizewell project may spend some £100 million before a start is made on the site. The CEGB refused to comment on this figure claiming that there was no yardstick against which they could measure projected expenditure. The total cost of the Sizewell pressurised water reactor is officially envisaged as £1,147 million.

At the second preliminary hearing of the Sizewell inquiry, which took place last week, John Popham from the Suffolk Preservation Society tried to prevent the CEGB from commencing certain work on site. The inquiry inspector Sir Frank Layfield replied that he was in no position 'even if I desired to do so' to stop them. The Board admit to spending £600,000 on offshore investigation in connection with the design of the reactor's cooling system, and £30,000 on site access studies.

None of the main opposition groups now believes that public funds will be made available to help them present their case to the inquiry in spite of impressive support for the principle. Justice Parker, the inspector at the 1977 Windscale inquiry, Sir Frank Layfield himself and the new CEGB chairman Sir Walter Marshall have all let it be known that they are sympathetic to the idea. □

Rick Rogers on state propaganda

FO bombards schools

GOVERNMENT MATERIAL on nuclear weapons and armaments policy has been sent to schools and colleges by the Foreign and Commonwealth Office (FCO) without the knowledge or approval of local education authorities. The FCO claims it sent to every local director of education a preliminary letter at the beginning of May asking if they wanted the material for their schools. But many directors of education, including those at Avon, Cleveland, Haringey, Inner London, Gateshead, Manchester, Redbridge, Sheffield, Tameside and Waltham Forest, maintain they never received such a letter.

The letter employed the inertia principle. If LEAs did not want the package of two booklets and a wall poster compiled by the FCO's Arms Control and Disarmament Research Unit, they had to write back to the FCO. But the Central Office of Information (COI), working on behalf of the FCO, says it was told to send out the material direct to schools only four days after the letters were supposed to have been posted. This gave LEAs no time to respond, even if they had received the letter. The FCO confirms it did not receive a reply from any of

the 104 LEAs in England and Wales.

The COI also says that only a selection of schools were chosen to receive the package of material on criteria worked out between ministers at the FCO and the Department of Education. Both departments deny this and insist that all schools in England and Wales were included. However, a 'rigorous check' by Cleveland LEA has found that only seven of its 67 secondary schools received the material.

Staffordshire's education department reports it had previously been 'gratuitously sent material from the Ministry of Defence'. It had decided not to allow distribution of this material to schools because of the political implications. Staffordshire also did not receive a copy of the FCO May letter, although some of the county's schools were sent the FCO material. □

Steve Walker on the Alliance

Roy's robbers

FINAL AGREEMENT on the allocation of parliamentary seats between the Liberals and Social Democrats for the next General Election is proving longer and harder to achieve than many expected. According to local sources there are 'major problems' in the following areas:

● *London* – the prospective parliamentary candidates for the Liberal Party in Hackney South and Shoreditch and Hammersmith North are both determined to stand at the next General Election against SDP candidates who have been allocated the seats. In Leyton, the Liberals want to re-negotiate the seat based on their better performance in the May borough elections.

● *West Midlands* – the regional Liberal party refuses to accept the decision by David Steel and Bill Rodgers to give the South Worcestershire and Ludlow seats to the SDP. West Midlands Liberals are also not happy with the allocation of seats in Shropshire, Hereford, and Staffordshire.

● *Cambridgeshire* – both parties are lobbying intensely to get the electorally attractive Peterborough seat allocated to them and to foist the virtually unwinnable Huntingdon seat onto the other.

● *Durham* – relations between both parties have broken down in the Peterlee district with the SDP already preparing to fight two forthcoming local council by-elections against established Liberal candidates.

● *Essex* – problems still remain over the allocation of seats. Liberals want Saffron Walden and Harlow which have been given to the SDP, and they would prefer to also have Basildon and Colchester South which they see as fertile Liberal territory. □

Keith Lomax on Yorkshire police

Gregory – rubber man

THE POLICE CHIEF for West Yorkshire apologised to the county council Police Committee when it met last week for the confusion over how plastic bullets came to be stocked by the force.

Press claims that the Committee had been previously misled by Chief Constable Ronald Gregory into believing the bullets had been supplied to the force against its will by the Home Office led to demands from the County Council for a full explanation.

Mr Gregory, in his report to the Police Committee last week, said:

> They were provided by the Home Secretary *for* all police forces in the country at the time (of last year's riots) but not *to* the West Yorkshire force.

'I apologise to the committee if it has been misled,' he added, claiming a misunderstanding between himself and Cllr Harold Best, the vice-chairman. The Chief Constable was, however, present at the previous month's committee meeting when it resolved:

> That this Police Committee very much regrets to be informed by the Chief Constable that, last summer, the Home Office provided, unsolicited, the West Yorkshire Force with plastic bullets.

Mr Gregory did not put his present interpretation of this to committee members at the time. Neither did he comment on another part of the motion: 'That the Home Office be called upon to take steps to remove plastic bullets from the West Yorkshire Force without delay.' Mr Gregory argued then that the force should have plastic bullets for use in riots if necessary.

Last week he gave the committee an undertaking not to use the baton rounds for operation purposes in West Yorkshire. They will, however, stay in the force's possession for training purposes where, he claimed, officers would not actually fire them but would experience them being fired near by.

As for the origin of the bullets: 'It was the provision of this equipment which was unsolicited, not the acquisition,' said Gregory.

> The equipment had to be ordered and paid for by this Authority and it was only after a careful examination and recommendation on the use of the equipment that an order was placed for three launchers and 100 rounds in February 1982. A further supply of 500 rounds was ordered through the Home Office and collected from a Command Ordnance Depot on 30 April 1982.

The Police Committee resolved that further plastic bullets will not be ordered. □

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Ken Coates unveils a new poverty war

Task Force sails again

A 'TASK FORCE' against poverty, low pay and unemployment was launched last week by a group of MPs, trade unionists and other members of the 'poverty lobby' who are hoping to turn the Thatcherite slogan to more constructive use. Walt Greendale, new chairman of the Transport and General Workers' Union, Chris Pond of the Low Pay Unit, Professor Peter Townsend and MPs Stuart Holland and Michael Meacher were at the inaugural meeting, where they expressed hopes of recruiting significant numbers of Labour Party activists and others to make contact with the half-forgotten victims of monetarism.

It was pointed out that there are about 300,000 individual members of the Labour Party, many of whom work in the caring social services, the teaching profession, or other parts of the public service in which they regularly meet low-paid families. In addition, there are many hundreds of thousands of trade unionists who are themselves on subsistence wages. A large number of women's organisations know at first hand the fearful exploitation to which female workers are commonly subjected. There are also quite significant groups of welfare rights activists, and too few, but still a goodly number of embryonic resource centres for the unemployed. The aim of the Task Force is to find people in every area who can bring these forces together for a major campaign.

On one level, this would involve efforts to ensure that all discretionary benefits are taken up and that all the different grass roots agencies can co-ordinate their work. Local task forces would identify the low paid industries in their areas, and help those in the Wages Council sector to ensure that they received their rights, while campaigning to develop national policies that could bring real improvement. As the Labour Party elaborates its policies for Local Enterprise Boards and locally based Job Creation schemes, so it needs the involvement of labour movement activists, to help identify resources which are being wasted. But above all, local groups would listen to the forgotten constituents and help them project their voices at the national, political level.

The Task Force will campaign for a minimum wage of £100 a week and is making use of computerised models to find out how this would fit in with a broader strategy. More significant than the actual level of a minimum wage is the effect that this has on the ailing, uncompetitive industries which are already deeply squeezed in slump. It is to be expected that many of these will founder if trade union pressure (let alone legislation) causes them to pay decent wages. The Task Force solution to this problem would be to require the Employment Department to bail out such employers, in exchange for the surrender of appropriate financial controls to Local Enterprise Boards. □

Francis Wheen describes Mrs T's new friend

Plain barmy

MARGARET THATCHER has joined the list of famous people who have invited the barmy American evangelist Herbert W. Armstrong into their drawing-rooms. She held a private meeting with him at 10 Downing Street two weeks ago.

Armstrong, aged 90, is the founder and leader of the Worldwide Church of God, whose main belief is that 'Herbert W. Armstrong is the prophesied messenger of the End – far greater than John the Baptist was in his time'. But in Britain he is probably best known as the publisher of *Plain Truth*, a glossy right-wing magazine which is given away free at station bookstalls. The paper's politics can be deduced from its recent description of the Chilean junta as 'a bright spot in a world of increasing turmoil'.

In his column in *Plain Truth* Armstrong likes to boast about his meetings with 'world leaders'. He used to say that Prince Charles was 'the wicked prince' prophesied in the book of Ezekiel, but he has apparently had a change of heart recently. In May this year Armstrong secured an introduction to the Prince after Vladimir Horowitz's concert at the Festival Hall, and they met again last month at the opening of the extension to the Royal Opera House, a project to which Armstrong and his Ambassador International Cultural Foundation donated £100,000. It was this donation which prompted Mrs Thatcher to invite the 'messenger of the End' to Downing Street.

Armstrong can afford to be generous, since his followers are expected to hand over a large proportion of their income in tithes. His church's annual budget is about £50 million. He has a taste for Dom Perignon and travels in a private jet.

Armstrong believes that the British people are descendants of the 'lost tribe' of Ephraim, and that therefore Britain is really Israel. However, during the Second World War he was convinced that Britain was doomed. 'It is part of God's prophesied plan that Britain shall be invaded and conquered,' he wrote in *Plain Truth* in 1940. More recently, he assured his followers that the Falklands war was in keeping with God's prophecy that, 'because of disobedience', Britain would lose control of the islands 'in this end time'.

When the End does come (and Armstrong has been predicting it for half a century), Armstrong and his followers will decamp to Petra in Jordan. Earlier this year he told his flock that 'I hope to arrange for the use of Petra as a possible refuge or place of safety during the Great Tribulation, when I see King Hussein. Pray about this, please'.

What on earth did Armstrong and Thatcher talk about during their meeting? 'As you probably know,' a Downing Street spokesperson said, 'they share an interest in opera.' □

SDP fares worse: Peter Kellner

ROY JENKINS's first month as leader of the SDP has seen the worst results for the party in local council by-elections since it started putting up candidates. The SDP did not win a single seat during the four weeks following his election on 2 July.

There are, moreover, signs that the SDP's ability to fight – let alone win – local elections is slipping. From last winter through to May, the SDP and Liberals fought roughly equal numbers of contests. Then, following the SDP's very poor showing in the nation-wide May local elections, the pattern changed. During June and July SDP candidates fought only 17 seats (winning 3), compared with the Liberals' 39 (winning 11).

At first glance the Liberals seem to be doing far better than the SDP at vote-gathering. During the past six weeks – since the end of the Falklands conflict – Liberal candidates have achieved on average 36 per cent of the vote when fighting both Labour and Conservative opponents. SDP candidates, on the other hand, have only achieved 20 per cent of the three-cornered vote.

What seems to be happening is that the SDP is being thrust further away from 'winnable' seats for the Alliance. The Liberals are not only fighting more seats; they are fighting 'better' seats.

Overall, our survey confirms the broad picture from recent opinion polls, with the Tories still holding most of the gain in public support they achieved during the Falklands war, and Labour making a slight recovery at the expense of the Alliance. The Conservatives show a net gain of three seats (three losses, six gains) over the past six weeks, winning a total of 21 contests. Labour defended 12 seats in the same period and ended up with 11 (three losses, two gains).

The Liberals also show a net loss of one seat – down from nine to eight. This is the first time since the *New Statesman* started charting local by-elections a year ago that the Liberals have lost more seats than they have gained. □

Research: Steve Walker

The Liberals' tally

Date	Place	LIB Vote	LIB %	Result
24/6	**Rossendale***	380	26.7	Con gain(Lab)
24/6	**Rushcliffe***	466	28.1	Con hold
24/6	**Purbeck**	399	35.8	Con hold
24/6	**Durham City***	145	16.6	Lab gain(Ind)
24/6	**Shropshire**	149	10.1	Ind gain(Lab)
24/6	**Redditch***	201	15.7	Lab hold
24/6	**Medway***	409	25.3	Con hold
24/6	**Thanet***	325	15.3	Con hold
1/7	**South Beds***	438	31.8	Con gain(LIB)
1/7	**Chichester***	786	42.2	LIB hold
1/7	**Grampian***	522	31.7	Lab hold
8/7	***Hereford City****	714	63.5	*LIB hold*
8/7	**Uttlesford***	241	51.7	LIB hold
8/7	**Shepway***	694	47.7	LIB gain(Lab)
8/7	**Gedling***	610	42.8	Con hold
8/7	**East Herts***	396	28.2	Ind hold
8/7	**Sheffield City***	1412	32.3	Con hold
8/7	**Humberside**	1071	43.6	Con gain(LIB)
8/7	**Wells City***	247	48.6	LIB hold
8/7	**Trafford***	1388	45.8	Con hold
15/7	**Windsor***	876	58.9	LIB gain(Con)
15/7	**Kirklees***	1530	43.2	LIB hold
22/7	**Essex***	1409	35.4	Con hold
22/7	**Wyre Forest***	273	37.9	Con hold
22/7	**North Wilts**	297	40.9	Con hold
29/7	**Harborough***	648	40.7	Con gain(LIB)
29/7	**Crewe**	91	20.4	Con hold
29/7	**Dorset**	1054	68.2	LIB hold

*seats also contested by both Con and Lab

The SDP tally

Date	Place	SDP Vote	SDP%	Result
24/6	**Isle of Wight***	277	19.4	Con gain(Ind)
24/6	**Vale of White Horse***	489	46.2	SDP gain(Con)
24/6	**Thanet***	395	26.6	Con hold
24/6	**Wolverhampton***	450	37.1	Lab hold
24/6	**Wrekin***	266	17.9	Lab hold
1/7	**Scunthorpe***	562	45.4	SDP gain(Ind)
1/7	**Birmingham***	798	13.9	Con hold
8/7	**Redditch***	353	19.8	Lab gain(Con)
15/7	**Mid Sussex**	488	48.3	Con gain(Ind)
15/7	**Wrexham**	171	22.4	Lab hold
15/7	**Barking***	202	19.6	Lab hold
22/7	**Wandsworth***	612	15.0	Con hold
22/7	**North Tyneside***	467	20.1	Lab hold
29/7	**Dorset**	710	39.8	Con hold

*seats also contested by both Con and Lab

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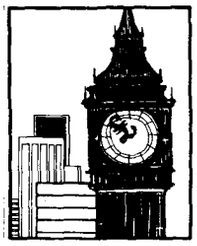

PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

Labour and the affluent worker

IT IS MORE than eleven years since Labour won a seat from the Conservatives in a Parliamentary by-election. In May 1971, Labour won Bromsgrove, on the outskirts of Birmingham. Jocelyn Cadbury's suicide last weekend means that a by-election must now be fought in the neighbouring constituency of Northfield. It will be the best chance Labour is likely to have in this Parliament of capturing a Tory seat – not just because Northfield was the third most marginal Tory seat in 1979, but because of the kind of voters who live there.

Mrs Thatcher came to power in 1979 because, above all, many skilled workers and other relatively affluent members of the working class voted Tory for the first time. Northfield went Tory on the back of this working-class revolt. In terms of formal class categories it has no more than its share of skilled workers; but when the – then – relatively prosperous production workers at Leyland and other motor industry companies are counted, the area is awash with the sort of people whose votes propelled Mrs Thatcher into Downing Street. Barring seats whose figures were distorted by previous by-elections, Northfield showed the biggest swing to the Tories of any Midlands constituency. Labour's Ray Carter saw his 10,000 majority evaporate, and Cadbury won with a majority of 204.

Few seats illustrate Labour's main, strategic problem better than Northfield – how to recover the support of the affluent worker. Such workers, with their families, constitute roughly one-third of the population – the middle third, between the largely Tory white-collar and professional workers, and the naturally Labour semi- and unskilled workers. If Labour cannot win back seats like Northfield, Labour cannot win power at Westminister.

SKILLED WORKERS are a fickle lot. The high pro-Tory swing they displayed in 1979 was not an isolated event. Whenever shifts in political allegiance occur, they seem to be magnified among Britain's 'C2s' – the socio-economic group assigned by opinion pollsters to the skilled worker and his/her dependents.*

So, the skilled workers who voted the Tories into power were the ones to desert in the greatest numbers when the recession started. In October 1980, when Labour support was at its peak – shortly before the Gang of Four made their excuses and left – MORI recorded a 30 point lead for Labour among C2s. With the birth of the SDP and the creation of the Liberal/SDP Alliance, C2s transferred their support once again. In December 1981, 51 per cent of C2s backed the Alliance, compared with 32 per cent for Labour and 15 per cent Conservative. The shifts among all kinds of voters last autumn were, of course, huge – but among C2s the shifts were the greatest.

Then came the decline of the Alliance and, from April to June, the Falklands effect. Once again many voters switched back to the Tories – and once again, the C2s led the way. Now the Falklands effect is beginning to wear off, it is the C2 vote that is reacting most sharply. The following table, derived from the regular monthly MORI polls, shows how much more sharply the C2 voters have reacted than other voters to the events of the past eight months (figures in percentage points):

	C2 voters	Other voters
Dec '81 to June '82		
Con	up 30	up 16
Lab	down 4	up 1
Lib/SDP	down 26	down 17
June '82 to July '82		
Con	down 7	down 1
Lab	up 9	up 1
Lib/SDP	down 2	no change

Whatever the occasion, then, it seems that skilled workers are not only the most crucial voters – because of the 'middle third' position they occupy in Britain's class structure – but they are also the most volatile. Labour lost much of their support in 1979, but that loss is not yet permanent. While Labour cannot command, or expect the loyalty of skilled workers as a block any more, neither can any other party. They are floating around, ready to be netted by the most attractive and efficient political trawler that happens to be fishing in the area.

In the normal course of events the volatility of the skilled/affluent worker should operate to Labour's advantage in the middle of a Tory Government – especially in the West Midlands, whose industrial base has been so badly eroded by the recession. Indeed, on the basis of the ward figures in the West Midlands County Council election in May last year, a Labour candidate would have been re-elected in Northfield with a five-figure majority.

But even in Birmingham the Falklands factor has restored Tory fortunes. (Perhaps I should say *especially* in Birmingham: shrewd local pundits reckon that the city that spawned Joe Chamberlain's style of ruthlessly nationalist Toryism will always give the Tories a high jingo-vote in a crisis.) The Conservatives regained control of the city council three months ago; in the four wards that comprise Northfield, the result was:

Conservative	10,754
Labour	10,149
Liberal/SDP	7,845

The Tories, therefore, had a 'majority' of 605, while the Alliance, despite its declining fortunes during the spring, achieved 27 per cent of the vote – close enough to the other two parties to offer hopes of capturing the seat should the Alliance's fortunes recover.

Two telling statistics about Northfield give some possible clues to the volatility of the constituency in particular and the affluent worker in general. According to the 1971 census (the latest available figures at constituency level) Northfield had the second highest proportion of council tenants in Birmingham – and at the same time, the second highest share of car-owning households. Thus, judged by the housing statistic, it looks as if it should be a rock-solid Labour seat, while judged by the car-owning figure it ought to be true-blue Tory.

When the 1981 census results are published, the picture will be somewhat different. Northfield's council houses are the kind that many tenants want to buy. Throughout Birmingham one in ten council houses has been sold to tenants in the past four years; and some of the heaviest demand has come from the Woeley Castle district of Northfield.

By their working-class background, their strong union ties in the car industry, their past experience of living in some of Britain's better municipal housing, and their present experience of enduring a Tory recession, the voters of Northfield should now be supporting Labour in large numbers. Yet they are not. The fact that in May Labour was neck-and-neck with the Tories conceals the fact that Labour won only 35 per cent of the vote. In 1979 Labour's share was 45 per cent, and in October 1974, 52 per cent.

A Labour pessimist might conclude that Northfield is simply one of those seats that is slipping from Labour's grasp, as more and more people own their own cars and their own homes, and generally discover that they have rather a lot to lose other than their chains. If that view is taken, however, there are simply not enough 'real' working-class seats left for Labour ever to win power again.

The Northfield by-election, then, will be Labour's most crucial so far in the present Parliament – not just for the temporary psychological stimulus or depression that victory or defeat will bring, but because of the test it provides of Labour's ability to reconstruct an election-winning coalition of votes. As the party machine cranks itself up for this and other battles, it could do better than address itself to the following question: how does the party secure the support of the working-class family that fears unemployment but also inflation, that resents high rates and taxes but demands better public services, and that regards the local housing estate as a fine municipal achievement – but would like to buy its own house now? □

* 'Skilled' and 'affluent' workers are not identical groups, of course, especially in a constituency like Northfield. But nationally the groups overlap to a large extent; and in the absence of more refined information about political loyalties it seems broadly fair to use one group as a proxy for the other.

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LABOUR PARTY

The real mafia man

Bob Mellish has retired from the Labour Party amid a blaze of accusations of 'mafia tactics' and 'hit lists' levelled at the London and Bermondsey Labour Parties. DUNCAN CAMPBELL reports on Mr Mellish's career.

HAD HE NOT RESIGNED from the Labour Party on Monday, Bob Mellish faced certain expulsion this Friday at the hands of West Lewisham Labour Party, where he lives. This was because of his campaign against official party candidates in the local government by-elections in Bermondsey this May. After a career of 36 years as MP for Rotherhithe and then Bermondsey, he claims that a local 'mafia' controls the London and Bermondsey Labour Parties. More truthfully, the party mafia was one he once controlled but which no longer responds to his wishes. Aggrieved, he is now bent on doing as much damage as he can.

With the aid of block votes from the Transport and General Workers' Union (where he started his career as a union office boy and clerk in 1929), and his own lobby groups and voting slates, Mellish held the chair of the London Labour Party for 21 years. In that job, he practised all the abuses which he now accuses Bermondsey Labour Party of adopting.

Never genuinely a socialist or a democrat, Mellish has over the years assiduously cultivated the image of a tough-talking golden-hearted dockland MP with his roots firmly amongst the Bermondsey dock workers. In fact he neither worked as a docker or ever lived in Bermondsey. From the more comfortable middle distance of Lewisham he was promoted to an organiser in the T&G docks branch. When the incumbent MP left Bermondsey for a job with the National Coal Board in 1946, the vacant seat was in the gift of his union, as by its block vote the union controlled the local Rotherhithe party (and provided a majority of its members). The same vote also kept him in the chair of the London (later, Greater London) Labour Party, together with a group of union appointees on the right of the party. It would be difficult to describe the combination of the well orchestrated, dominating union votes and Mellish's brusque, bullying authoritarianism as anything much less than 'mafia' tactics. The factions through which Mellish ran the London Labour Party only began to break up in the mid-1970s, when Mr Bert Fry, a T&G organiser who had arranged much of Mellish's support, retired.

Mellish's chief talent – his authoritarianism – was employed by Harold Wilson, who appointed him Chief Whip between 1969 and 1976. Richard Crossman, for whom he worked earlier as a parliamentary secretary, recalled him as domineering, and 'a bit crude, a bit slippery, and a bit vulgar-minded, and very much the supporter of whoever is his boss at the moment'. Mellish was an eager placeman, and has wanted desperately to be a Cabinet Minister responsible for London and for housing. His political campaigning and personal platform has spanned a narrow field, from orthodox catholic politics and sympathy for the Iberian dictatorships to persistent racialist attitudes to immigrants and appeals to free East Enders like gangster Charlie Richardson and 'Scarface' Parsons (a well known robber in the 1950s). He has been associated, to his embarrassment, with three corrupt businessmen – Oliver Cutts, a south London property developer; T. Dan Smith, the former Newcastle-based 'public relations' expert notorious from the Poulson and his own corruption trials; and Sir Eric Miller, chairman of the Peachey Property Corporation, who committed suicide.

From one of them – Oliver Cutts – Mellish accepted several gifts and favours to himself and his family, including £4,000 to assist him purchase a house in Catford, south London, in 1962. He then recommended Cutts for an honour, and Cutts got an MBE, of which he was later stripped after receiving a heavy jail sentence for criminal activities.

Mellish's principal achievement, when he held government office as parliamentary secretary to the Ministry of Housing, was to promote heavily the industrialised building of tower blocks and housing schemes, in place of earlier slums and older housing. The industrialised methods – then largely untested – have proved to be a disaster, and many such estates are now being pulled down after only 12 or 14 years. These tower blocks, Mellish now admits, were an 'appalling blunder'.

Last autumn (after Mellish declared that he would not seek re-election) the Bermondsey Labour Party selected their secretary Peter Tatchell as the prospective candidate. Mellish effectively blackmailed Michael Foot into a public repudiation of Tatchell. Although the meeting was secret at the time, the particulars are now known. Mellish threatened that he would resign forthwith if Tatchell were endorsed as candidate by the Labour National Executive, and would then campaign against him. Foot eventually agreed to Mellish's demands leading to the enormous and damaging public row last November.

Two weeks ago, in another private meeting with Foot, Mellish issued the same threat. If Tatchell were adopted and endorsed the second time round, said Mellish, he would immediately apply for the Chiltern Hundreds (ie resign). He would then back another candidate, whose label would read 'the *real* Labour Party candidate'. Mellish's behaviour has, says a knowledgeable MP, been 'utter blackmail'.

Previously, Mellish had been able to bully Labour Party members at all levels into delivering what he wanted. This time – after backing other candidates against Labour – he had shot his bolt, and Foot said so. On previous occasions, Foot had been ready, despite present party policy, to offer Mellish a peerage to stop him kicking over the traces. But by July 1982, this was no longer on offer.

Last week, Mellish was negotiating with the SDP to see if, when Tatchell was endorsed as the Labour candidate, they would give Mellish's proposed independent candidate a clear run. Apparently they would. But the constituency is Liberal territory in the Alliance's carve-up, and the Liberals do not at present appear willing to strike such a deal.

Two local names have already been suggested as the Mellish candidate against Peter Tatchell in a future Bermondsey by-election. One is John O'Grady, the right-wing Southwark councillor. The other is Michael Ward (not the present GLC councillor of the same name), a former Labour MP for Peterborough, who lived in Bermondsey until 18 months ago. Between 1964 and 1970, Mr Ward was T. Dan Smith's representative in London, and was an employee and later a director of a Smith company, Fleet Press Services, which was convicted in 1970 of bribing a member of Wandsworth Borough Council.

Mellish himself has a secure future as the deputy chairman of the Docklands Urban Development Corporation, the planning and development authority of the new Tory 'enterprise zone' in dockland.

MELLISH HELD minor government posts under Attlee. He readily lent himself to a campaign by MI5 and Attlee to attack the 1949 dock strike as communist-inspired. Mellish was among four dockland MPs who passed details of alleged communist influence in the docks to MI5. Attlee

Labour Liaison '69

FOR A GO-AHEAD REGIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE !!

The Socialist Alliance of Party Activists, Co-operators and Trades Unionists recommends support for the following nominees for the Regional Executive Committee of the Greater London Regional Council of the Labour Party at the Conference to be held at Camden Town Hall on 22 and 23 February 1969

CHAIRMAN R. J. MELLISH M.P

Part of the criticism of the Labour left by right wingers like Mellish has been that they organise 'slates' of candidates to vote for in elections, supporting some factional view. This document, circulated by right-wingers in advance of the 1969 Greater London Labour Party elections shows how the Mellish machine secretly operated. Under the somewhat ironic banner of the 'Socialist Alliance for a go-ahead regional executive', this slate of 20 names of very right-wing candidates was secretly circulated to sympathetic delegates. The two principal offices were to go (and did go) to Bob Mellish and to Bert Fry, who as a TGWU national official, orchestrated support for Mellish and his group from the TGWU, GMWU and NUPE – then all right wing. The slate did not cover union appointees to the Party's council since, as Fry now admits, 'we (he and Mellish) would get together with the trade unions and arrange that (ie, who was elected)'. Slates have more recently been used by both sides in elections, but the first left wing slate, for a 'Charter' group did not appear until *six years later*. Mellish has subsequently accused the left of inventing such tactics.

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Oliver Cutts, (left) an unscrupulous south London property developer gave £4000 to Bob Mellish in 1962 to purchase an ample and spacious new home in Catford (see above). Although the money was later repaid, this and other gifts was followed by a recommendation by Mellish that Cutts should receive an MBE for his 'services to sport'.

had 30,000 copies of a speech Mellish made reprinted and circulated to dockers. Mellish had claimed to identify a 'communist plot to wreck Britain's economic structure'.

To Mellish's right-wing outlook were added an embarrassing measure of sympathy for the regimes of Franco and Salazar in Spain and Portugal. He accepted briefly the post of deputy chairman of an Anglo-Spanish parliamentary group in the 1950s. A trip to the Portuguese colony of Angola in 1964 produced an angry row with Bermondsey Trades Council, after he praised the dictatorship's regime there. 'I saw no sign of suppression,' he said. His parliamentary support for the catholic lobby brought him the reward, in 1959, of membership of the papal order of 'Knights of St Gregory'. He is also, according to close acquaintances, a member of the secret order of 'Knights of St Columba', which is the catholic equivalent of the freemasonry.

MELLISH'S FIRST MOVE in a business direction caused grave embarrassment to the Labour Party. In January 1962 he formed a company with Tory MP Paul Williams (later, a chairman of the Monday Club) – Personal Relations Ltd. They says would act as 'industrial peacemakers'. He seemed surprised by the opposition this provoked, but resigned from the venture after protests from the Sunderland Labour Party (where the Tory MP had his seat).

Later the same year, Mellish accepted the largesse of a south London businessman Oliver Cutts. Cutts had set out to make himself wealthy, and buy himself a knighthood. He hoped that Mellish would help him scale these social heights. Cutts had declared himself a conscientious objector during the war, and run a coal business, instead of joining up. After the war, he made himself £40,000; and had received a conviction, in October 1945, for handling stolen anthracite. During the 1940s and 50s, he made hundreds of thousands of pounds by developing garages and other property in Deptford and Bermondsey. He was soon entertaining handsomely. He first met Mellish in 1953; thereafter he entertained him 'a couple of times a week at the Savoy', Cutts said later.

During 1962, Cutts paid £4,000 of the £7,000 cost of a new house for Mellish in Bromley Road, Catford. It was a substantial detached house, with large grounds. Cutts' money was in effect a gift – but later he demanded and got it back – his purpose in the gift (to get on the road to a knighthood) frustrated. A few years later, he bought a second house at Lancing Park, Lancing in Sussex, in which he spends an increasing part of his time.

Cutts also paid £280 in 1962 for the 21st birthday party of the MP's eldest son, Robert. When the quality of the catering displeased him, he destroyed the engine of the caterer's car. With the aid of the Mayfair solicitor, Michael Harkavy, Cutts set up an International Sports Trust the same year to run a house he had bought in Hampshire as a training centre for Olympic athletes. Whilst it was used by the International Athletes Club, they refurbished it and built a running track and tennis courts. These benefits went to Cutts, who closed the centre down in 1965 and sold it in 1967 for £62,500 – more than three times what he had paid for it.

The International Sports Trust which had presided over the affair included as its trustees Cutts himself, Bob Mellish, Tory MP Sir Hamilton Kerr, and five athletes. Cutts, a sports enthusiast, saw these moves as part of his road to the top. He further tried to help the Mellish family by arranging a job with his solicitor's legal firm for the MP's third son, Michael, when he finished a law degree at Cambridge. The solicitor changed the name of his firm to Mellish and Harkavy of Mayfair – even though there was some time to go before Michael Mellish could join the firm, and then only as an articled clerk. When, at the end of 1962, Mellish recommended Cutts for an honour, Cutts was bitterly disappointed when this turned out to be only an MBE, and not a knighthood.

Cutts became the first person to be stripped of the honour in 1968, after he was convicted on a string of charges of malicious damage, perjury and conspiracy to pervert the course of justice. He had paid three men to give false evidence of his wife's adultery in a divorce case the previous year, and had burnt or destroyed the houses or cars of people who had crossed him in business. The law firm of Mellish and Harkavy was investigated at the same time by the Law Society, after the judge in the divorce procedings said that the firm's conduct of the case had made him 'most uneasy'. In the end Michael Mellish subsequently never joined the firm even as an articled clerk. The friendship between Cutts and Mellish apparently ended after Cutts demanded repayment of his £4,000 when the MP had refused to give suitable evidence in Cutts' divorce case.

Another hospitable acquaintance – T. Dan Smith – was also to cause Mellish considerable embarrassment. From 1964 to 1967, Mellish was joint parliamentary secretary at the Ministry of Housing and Local Government. He was responsible for government policy towards London housing and new towns. He occasionally styled himself 'Minister of London Housing', after the job he really wanted. The Labour government wanted to get 500,000 houses a year built by 1970. T. Dan Smith wanted as many houses as possible to be designed by his partner John Poulson, or the Open System Building Company which they had founded to promote industrialised building methods. Not infrequently, the two objectives coincided.

During 1964 and 1965, Mellish repeatedly visited local authorities in London, haranguing them in order to boost the rate at which houses were being built. He was an avid protagonist of system-built blocks. This was also the period when Smith was at his most active; he had become chairman of the Northern Economic Planning Council, and through a network of 'public relations' companies was bribing and purchasing influence in many councils in the North East, London, and elsewhere.

Only those on the payroll knew this, however, and no evidence suggests that Bob Mellish joined the Smith payroll. But the two met at Smith's frequent luncheons or dinners at the Carlton Towers Hotel and at Labour Party functions. In 1967, for example, at the suggestion of Andy Cunningham, a Smith lieutenant and Durham councillor who was on Labour's national executive, Mellish joined the party's Local and Regional Government Advisory Com-

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mittee. T. Dan Smith was on this committee together with his employee Michael Ward.

In 1973 Mellish's alleged involvement in two construction projects involving corruption – a housing estate in Doddington Road, Wandsworth, and an army camp at Catterick – was investigated by officials of the Department of the Environment, after the Prime Minister was questioned about an article in a left wing magazine, *Chartist*. The article had suggested that Mellish, Michael Ward and others had all assisted Smith and other corrupt public officials by approving contracts with them. A confidential minute of the DoE enquiry has been obtained by the *New Statesman*. It includes a report to the Department's Permanent Secretary that no evidence could be found of 'any attempt to involve ministers'. The Prime Minister (Heath) was told that that 'we have looked at the files, and there is no indication that anything improper occurred'.

Mellish was also apparently caught up in another Poulson contract, for the extraordinary Gozo hospital project in Malta. As Minister of Public Buildings and Works, he went on an official visit to the island in July 1968, to inspect the ministry's work and plans in the area. The Department of the Environment now refuse to say what the purpose of the visit was, but the timing is highly suggestive. The most important new project in Malta at the time was the Gozo hospital, which had not progressed an inch after the Queen laid a foundation stone in November 1967. Two days after Mellish returned to the UK, it was announced by the Ministry of Overseas Development (who had primary responsibility for works for other governments) that Britain would pay one hundred per cent of the £1.6 million cost of the hospital.

The Poulson and Smith scandal lasted through the early seventies. In 1976 it was claimed by Eddie Milne, the Blyth Labour MP who was later forced to restand as an Independent that Mellish had been one of those who resisted inquiries:

> I consider that they (Ted Short and Mellish) had been the two main persons blocking my efforts to get some sort of examination into the Labour Party in the North East.

Throughout the period of the Poulson investigations, Mellish was Labour Chief Whip, having been moved out of the Ministry of Public Buildings and Works by Harold Wilson who had wanted a fierce whip on Labour MPs to get through the *In Place of Strife* proposals on industrial relations.

The reward for this effort, Mellish hoped, would be a title as grand as 'Lord London' or Lord Mellish of London. But Wilson left office too quickly.

In 1979, both Wilson and Mellish were identified in a police intelligence report as close friends of the late Sir Eric Miller, together with the late Reginald Maudling. The reports had been leaked to Miller by Police Chief Superintendent Groves, who was convicted of corruption in connection with Miller. The report, prepared by the Yard's C6 Commercial Criminal Intelligence Branch, characterised Miller as 'a very unpleasant person who would screw anyone for a buck'. □

ECONOMY

Taking it to the edge

The West Midlands County Council faces a massive task reviving their region's economy. JANE HOULTON reports on its first moves

LAST DECEMBER Paul Williams, managing director of Sage Aluminium Products, surveyed his trading forecasts for 1982: catastrophe was looming. The company, producing high pressure aluminium die castings, was overburdened with debt, and likely to lose new orders coming its way from its major customer, Ford Motor Company. Its ultimate owners, an investment company called Gael Securities, had borrowed money heavily against Sage's assets and, now themselves in financial trouble, had no capacity left to save a fundamentally sound and competitive business. Paul Williams knew that Sage would be in desperate trouble by July or August.

Last week, the company was saved, and with it 140 jobs. The new West Midlands Enterprise Board, brainchild of the Labour Council, announced its first large-scale investment. The WMEB will provide £450,000 of equity capital to help restructure the company. Sage's five managers and its employees will provide an additional £70,000. Financial institutions will play a considerable role – the Northern Bank Development Corporation will convert a £100,000 loan to equity; and Sage's banks will increase loan facilities and reschedule Sage's estimated £1 million debt.

This investment, the first major one by a local enterprise board, has a significance beyond the saving of 140 jobs. Sage isn't a lame duck, but it's an investment which will show no short-term returns and one in which, according to Norman Holmes, Chief Executive of the Board, 'conventional financial institutions would have shown little or no interest'.

The institutional investor taking a superficial view, would have noted that Sage was in the foundry business (in which there is substantial overcapacity in the United Kingdom), that it was selling into the automotive industry (notoriously hard hit by the recession), that the balance sheet was overburdened with debt (meaning that Sage needed urgent cash investment with little hope of dividends for a few years). In conventional terms, a lousy investment.

A more perceptive eye would have noted that Sage had a very strong market position; and that its problems stemmed from short-sighted financial management, not from any industrial weakness. Sage's balance sheet revealed that owners Gael Securities, now in liquidation, had built up £1 million of debts for £450,000 of equity. This meant that interest payments of close to £150,000 each year chewed up the money Sage badly needed to expand. New contracts from Ford for castings for the new Ford Sierra model hung in the balance because Sage lacked working capital. Sage could not afford to convert an oil-fired boiler for its furnaces to gas, which would have cost £55,000 and saved £130-140,000 each year.

Sage is one of only two firms in the United Kingdom capable of supplying high pressure aluminium castings; it has modern, specialised plant. It has a very strong reputation with Ford and is one of Ford's two suppliers of high quality castings. Had Sage gone bust, Ford would have had to look overseas for another source of supply. And Sage has been increasing market share in a stagnant market – its order books show real growth of five per cent over the next few years.

IN RETURN for its 'patient' capital, the WMEB should get long-term growth and defensible employment – and a planning agreement. However, the 140 jobs saved at Sage seem a drop in the ocean compared with the 2,000 jobs that are being lost each month in the West Midlands. The County Council has set itself the ambitious goal of saving or creating 5,000 jobs annually, and although there's a great deal of activity, that target is far away.

Before the Sage investment, the Council had succeeded in creating 500 jobs, and 625 training places, since May 1981. Twenty-four jobs had been created at G. R. Smithsons of Wolverhampton with £50,000 investment from the WMEB. In a joint scheme with a private financial institution, ICFC, the Council is spending close to a quarter of a million pounds over five years to subsidise interest rates by five per cent; 181 jobs have so far resulted. Ten co-operatives (with 33 jobs) have been set up with £100,000 assistance; a further 20 to 30 co-ops (two of them large) are close to setting up.

Councillor Geoff Edge, Chairman of the WMEB and of the Council's Economic Development Committee, is cautious about expectations for job creation. To do this in the long term, the Council should be funding products development and assisting innovation. Realistically, Edge claims, the Council's work is now in saving good firms with skills.

The Enterprise Board's budget of £3.5 million will not go very far, if each investment like Sage takes close to half a million pounds to secure 140 jobs. But Geoff Edge sees the Council's role as catalyst, mobilising private capital. He talks a great deal about 'leverage'. 'For every £1 of rate money in Sage, the private sector's spending £2. On other projects, the private sector goes as high as £10.' As yet the Council is spending only rate money, though pension funds such as British Rail are expressing interest.

Sage's management has concluded agreements with the Enterprise Board on employment, training, health and safety, equal opportunity and trade union recognition. In addition, the Board exacted conditions on cost-saving, and the appointment of a new manager to strengthen marketing skills. Sage's workforce, who have been consulted on the deal, will be offered £20,000 worth of shares and a director on Sage's board when they return from holiday later this month. □

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LOW PAY

Tebbit turns the clock back

FRANCIS WHEEN reports on the government's decision to abolish the Fair Wages Resolution and a century of employment protection

EVELYN WAUGH used to complain that the trouble with the Conservative Party was that it had never turned the clock back, not even by five minutes. How sad that he did not live to witness last week's announcement by Norman Tebbit that the Fair Wages Resolution, which has protected badly paid workers from exploitation for almost a century, is to be abolished. The first Fair Wages Resolution was introduced in 1891 by Lord Salisbury's Conservative government; it was also supported by the Liberal opposition, led by Gladstone.

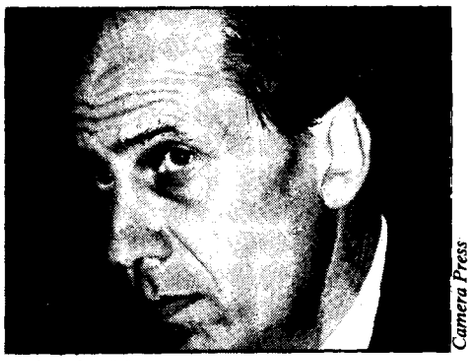
The purpose of the 1891 Resolution was to prevent employers from cutting their workers' wages and lengthening their hours in order to compete for government contracts. In future, contracts would go only to firms which paid 'fair wages'. In 1909, Asquith's Liberal government reinforced the Resolution by defining a fair wage as one agreed collectively by trade unions and employers. The final version of the Fair Wages Resolution was introduced in 1946: this laid down that the pay and conditions of people employed by government contractors or sub-contractors should be at least as good as those established in comparable firms by collective bargaining. Any dispute about whether the contractor was indeed paying 'fair wages' should be referred to the Industrial Court for arbitration.

The Industrial Court's function has since been taken over by the Central Arbitration Committee (CAC), but apart from that the Resolution has remained unaltered since 1946. To ascertain whether a wage is 'fair', comparisons are made with rates fixed by collective bargaining at plant level or at district level, or, failing that, nationally. If no such agreements exist, the contractor's wages are compared with 'the general level observed by other employers in the industry whose circumstances are similar to those of the company'.

A recent case which was successfully brought before the CAC show how this works in practice. The Association of Scientific, Technical and Managerial Staffs (ASTMS) brought a claim against a firm called Brintons Ltd, which was supplying carpets to the Department of the Environment. ASTMS claimed that the company was paying lower wages than other employers in the industry whose circumstances were similar. In reply, Brintons claimed that its 'circumstances' were far from healthy, since its trading performance in 1980 had been poor.

Two groups of workers were involved in the case – machine tuners and the exotically-named 'shift/shed head tuners'. The CAC's tribunal found that the tuners' wages were low but 'not unfair'. The shift/shed head tuners, on the other hand, were 'unfairly paid' by the standards of the carpet industry. The tribunal awarded them a pay rise of £4 a week.

Four cases have gone to arbitration this year; two of them have resulted in wage rises for unfairly paid workers. The very scarcity of cases is one of the reasons which Norman Tebbit has used for scrapping the Fair Wages Resolution. If it has fallen into disuse, why not subject it to compulsory euthanasia?



Camera Press

Vicious but fair

This argument is flawed in several respects. First, the Resolution has not fallen into disuse. There have been only four adjudications by the CAC this year, but they affected 2,128 workers. Moreover, many claims under the Fair Wages Resolution are settled at the Department of Employment without being referred to the Central Arbitration Committee. In 1981 the Department received 50 claims, of which only 13 had to go to arbitration. The Resolution has also been particularly useful as a way of protecting low-paid workers during periods of incomes policy. In 1978, when the Labour government was trying to enforce its increasingly unrealistic pay limits, there were no fewer than 500 claims.

More importantly, however, the success of the Fair Wages Resolution cannot be measured by the number of claims. As the Low Pay Unit suggested in a recent submission to Norman Tebbit, the main effect of the Resolution has been in 'deterring employers, tendering for government contracts, from trying to cut costs by wage undercutting'. The Resolution itself states that:

> Before a contractor is placed upon a Department's list of firms to be invited to tender, the Department shall obtain from him an assurance that to the best of his knowledge and belief he has complied with the general conditions required by this Resolution for at least the previous three months.

Any firm tendering for a government contract will therefore know that it is unlikely to succeed if its wage rates are demonstrably 'unfair'. Most people with experience of the Resolution – including, interestingly enough, many members of the Confederation of British Industry – agree that its deterrent effect is real and important.

Norman Tebbit has himself admitted as much by deciding to abolish the Resolution. If, as he claims, it is ineffective, why does he not leave it to die a peaceful death instead of cutting its throat? The answer can only be that the government recognises that the Resolution, though far from perfect, does ensure that contractors observe certain minimum standards of decency. Mrs Thatcher is determined that more government work should be 'contracted out' to the private sector, and that public spending should thereby be reduced. The savings will obviously be greater if companies which use sweated labour are allowed to apply for public contracts, since their costs will be lower. These companies will also be glad to see the end of another of the Resolution's tiresome requirements, namely that 'the contractor shall recognise the freedom of his workpeople to be members of trade unions'.

Apart from saying that the Fair Wages Resolution has fallen into disuse, the government has produced one other reason for scrapping it: 'Nearly all recent claims have been made not by employees who are low paid by any objective standard, but by trade unions on behalf of relatively highly paid members.' I asked the Department of Employment for the evidence on which they based this confident assertion. They were unable to produce any, which is hardly surprising. Not much research has been done on this subject, but what little there is suggests that the government is talking nonsense. The clerical union APEX analysed the 50 cases which it had brought under the Resolution between 1976 and 1982, and found that workers involved in these cases were generally earning only about 70 per cent of the national average wage for their particular occupation. A survey at the University of Warwick, which studied claims brought under the 'fair wages' clause of the Employment Protection Act, came to similar conclusions.

In order to abolish the Fair Wages Resolution, the government will have to go through the embarrassing procedure of 'denouncing' Convention 94 of the International Labour Organisation (ILO), which Britain ratified in 1949. The ILO's attitude to fair wages is clear: 'While producers should be free to compete in matters of price, design, quality of product and service, it is unfair for competition to be based on a bidding down of workers' wages.' Mrs Thatcher and Mr Tebbit think otherwise. Presumably Lord Salisbury was a wet. □

THE RELIGION OF TRUTH

Truth is that which is. Our being aware more fully of this reality is a matter of the development of the relevant but normally dormant faculties. We can know much more about the inner and spiritual realms of nature than is generally realised. The religion of truth is a matter of direct experience rather than adherence to dogma and belief.

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LAW

Wiping out the Sikh race

ANTHONY BLAIR on the implications of the Denning judgment for British Sikhs and for the whole Race Relations Act

LORD DENNING'S momentous ruling last Friday – that Sikhs are not protected by the Race Relations Act – has serious implications not just for Sikhs, but for ethnic minorities generally and for the efficacy of the Act and the Commission for Racial Equality.

The case concerned Park Grove, a private boys' school in Edgbaston. Mr Mandla, a devout Sikh and a Birmingham solicitor, applied to send his son there but wanted him to wear the Sikh turban as well as the school uniform. The school declared that it had nothing against Sikhs as such, but would not allow them to wear turbans or leave their hair uncut. Mr Mandla took his son elsewhere, but the CRE brought an action against the school and its headmaster.

The Court of Appeal decided that Sikhs were not a racial group, but only a religious one and thus could be freely discriminated against. Even if they were a racial group, the court hinted that it might have found the school's discrimination justifiable, to preserve cultural uniformity; the Jews, on the other hand, *were* a racial group. All three judges were strongly critical of the CRE for 'harassing' the school – a point seized upon by the press as a further stick with which to beat the notion of enforcing racial equality.

The 1976 Act forbids discrimination against a 'racial group'. However, recognising that many of the old concepts of 'race' have been scientifically discredited, the Act further defines 'racial group' as 'a group of persons defined by reference to colour, race, nationality or ethnic or national origins'. The Sikhs argued that whether or not they were a 'race' as such, they were certainly a group defined by reference to their ethnic origins. The Court of Appeal said, in effect, that 'ethnic, meant 'racial' – and in doing so utterly failed to explain why Parliament had thought it right to distinguish ethnic origins from race.

The White Paper published prior to the Act said that it would 'similarly apply to requirements concerning the clothing worn by employees (e.g. preventing the wearing of turbans or saris)'. The Court of Appeal not only ignored this, but also rejected the 1972 OED supplement definition of 'ethnic' as 'pertaining to or having common racial, cultural, religious or linguistic characteristics'. It accepted instead the 1899 OED definition of ethnic, meaning simply 'pertaining to race'.

With legal illogicality, it appeared to accept that Jews *did* fit the narrow description of a racial group. In fact, Jews constantly disclaim any description of themselves as 'a race'. Indeed, Jewish tradition has it that the Messiah will one day come from the House of David. But David's mother was Ruth, a Moabite convert to Judaism – the clearest evidence that racial purity is no part of Judaism! Jews have the physical characteristics of the people with whom they have contact – Moroccan Jews tend to be dark-skinned, Scandinavian Jews blond.

The Sikhs have far greater 'racial' cohesion. Ninety-five per cent come from the Punjab, which they ruled for 40 years in the 19th century. After its partition in 1947, there was a great migration of Sikhs from West Punjab (Pakistan) to East Punjab (India) so that they could stay together. And, of course, a male Sikh is instantly recognised by his turban. The Court of Appeal's decision may simply reflect the fact that Jews carry greater weight with the British establishment than Sikhs. Other ethnic minorities are more likely to find themselves lumped with the Sikhs than the Jews.

What is potentially most dangerous about the court's decision is the strong suggestion that, even if the Sikhs *were* a racial group, discrimination against them might be justifiable (which is a defence under the Act). Park Grove School argued that to allow a boy to wear his turban was to 'disrupt the Christian nature of the school and might provoke hostilities from other pupils and parents. Yet the object of the Race Relations Act is not to promote uniformity of culture – quite the opposite: it is to allow, even welcome, cultural diversity. Any hostility that may be provoked is a symptom of racial tension not the cause of it. Applied generally, Lord Denning's final decision could undermine the very purpose of the Act.

There is an educational argument, too. Schools should prepare pupils for the society in which they will live. Society tolerates the Sikh turban – in the factory, the army, the police force, even the Bar. How can it be 'justifiable' for a school to deviate from society's tolerance? To an outsider, particularly one brought up in a very 'English' environment, the wearing of the turban may seem insignificant. But to the Sikhs, it is the vital external mark of their history, identity and self-respect.

It was partly because the Appeals Court felt discrimination was justified, that it attacked the CRE with such vigour – an attack which was quite incompatible with its acknowledgement that the case was a very difficult one. Surely the CRE was right to test whether the Sikhs were protected by the Act – especially since lower courts had displayed conflicting opinions on this point? □

Singh Mandla: did his turban disrupt the Christian nature of Park Grove School? Inset: Lord Denning

Birmingham Post

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The Minister regrets . . .

ALF MORRIS, a former Minister for the Disabled, asks why his Tory successor has decided to bury the needs of disabled people.

THE needs of disabled people count for less than the 'a' in *etcetera* among the present Government's priorities. First they were promised that they would be 'singled out' for special help; then they were told that they must accept their fair share of the cuts; and now they are reproved even for seeking equal treatment.

The case for outlawing discrimination against the disabled, in the same way that other minorities have been given statutory protection, has been strongly reinforced by the recent publication of the report of the Committee on Restrictions Against Disabled People (CORAD).*

The committee was one I set up, as the then Minister for the Disabled, in January 1979. Its terms of reference were to consider the extent of discrimination against disabled people and whether legislation was called for. I appointed CORAD on the principle that the disabled cannot live on bread and services alone and that they must have equal rights to contribute to industry and society.

CORAD's membership (for the most part, disabled people and parents of disabled children) took as its initial working definition of discrimination '. . . the unjustifiable withholding, whether intentional or not, of some service, facility or opportunity from a disabled person because of his or her disability.' Evidence was received from a host of individuals, from the national bodies of and for disabled people and their branches, from local societies of the disabled and from many other organisations and groups.

The evidence brought to light discrimination against the disabled in activities as diverse as education, employment, entertainment, the transaction of domestic business and civic duties. Hurtful and damaging experiences of discrimination were reported. CORAD concluded that the best way to stop their recurrence was to allow individual disabled people access to the law to secure the right to equal treatment.

CORAD also concluded that legislation has an important declaratory and educative effect, that it is a means of gaining the attention of the apathetic and that it provides a foundation on which good practice can be built. Its central purpose, in this case, would be to help people generally to accept that discrimination against the disabled is wrong.

Legislation cannot, of course, make people love each other. It can nevertheless make people behave properly towards others and thus have a beneficial impact on public attitudes. Knowing that they had a statutory right to equal treatment, disabled people would have more confidence to integrate into society. In turn, they would have more opportunities to show that they have *abilities* as well as disabilities and that they can be givers as well as the recipients of help.

CORAD recommends legislation to end discrimination in education, employment, transport, property rights, insurance, and the provision of goods, facilities and services, civic duties and membership of associations and clubs. Enforcement would be through a regulatory body with powers to investigate, conciliate and, if necessary, take legal action on individual complaints.

WHATEVER, anyone may think of CORAD's plea that discrimination should now be made illegal (and the committee itself was not unanimous: one member strongly opposed the whole idea) the report is clearly of considerable public importance to Britain's 5.5 million disabled people and merits wide-ranging debate as a document that deals with issues both of individual liberty and social equality.

Yet that is not how Hugh Rossi, the present Minister for the Disabled, sees the report. Instead of calling a press conference that would have allowed the chairman and members of CORAD to launch a public debate on their report (and the Minister himself to be questioned on his intentions) he chose simply to release a brief press statement of his own 'thanking' the committee for its work and brusquely rejecting its principal recommendation.

There was no mention in the Minister's statement even of how the individual disabled person could obtain a copy of CORAD's report which, but for a decision some weeks later of the All-Party Disablement Group at Westminster to hold a press conference to breathe new life into the report, would have been Ministerially strangled at birth.

If that was not Rossi's intention, he certainly fooled the media. In a typical example of the specialist press coverage *Therapy*, the journal of the remedial professions, headlined its report of his statement: 'Call for "fair deal" law for disabled thrown out.' In rejecting CORAD's recommendation, the Minister said:

> I know that some disabled people suffer unnecessary restrictions, but much has been done by education and publicity to improve the position. It seems better to build on this than to legislate for positive discrimination as a right. The loss of goodwill might outweigh any advantage gained . . .

But none of the very hurtful examples of discrimination reported to CORAD had been solved by education and publicity and, as Peter Large (the committee's chairman) told the Westminster press conference, very considerable public expenditure would be required even to make a dent in the problem.

Some £7.8m was spent on education and publicity to encourage people to wear seat belts – a simple and single issue – and we still needed legislation. That is but one example of how attempting to change behaviour by education and publicity is not a cost-effective option.

Moreover, if the Government seriously intended to end discrimination by persuasion rather than by legislation, ought we not to have been told when they will budget for the required expenditure and how much they are prepared to spend?

The truth is, of course, that they have no intention of spending a single extra penny on education and publicity to end discrimination. In fact, the Minister had already given the game away even before CORAD reported, as Peter Large revealed in a letter in which he complained to Hugh Rossi:

> Only at the beginning of our work did we enjoy the services of one full-time Secretary. Towards the end, staff shortages left us with less than a part-timer.

How can a Minister who refused even to finance adequate staffing for CORAD now possibly pretend to be considering a long and expensive campaign against discrimination?

The terms in which CORAD's recommendation was rejected by the Government should be closely examined by everyone on the political left. For the fact is that Hugh Rossi's case for dismissing the recommendation can also be applied to the legislation on equal opportunities and racial discrimination.

There may be much that is unsatisfactory about the legislation on sex and race, but few people on the left will accept that women and the ethnic minorities would be better off relying on goodwill alone. That is, however, very clearly the implification of the Government's response to CORAD.

While the Government claim that CORAD's report goes too far, there are people who feel that it should have gone further and have paid particular attention to the problems of the mentally disabled. They feel there should be an in-depth study of *their* problems and that the need is made the more urgent by the Government's threat to overturn the recent parliamentary decision to give the mentally disabled in hospital the right to vote.

Martin Luther King was aptly quoted by CORAD's chairman as having said, in a comparable context, that: '. . . morality cannot be legislated, but behaviour can be regulated. Judicial decrees may not change the heart, but they can restrain the heartless.' If the disabled are to be genuinely a part of and not apart from society, that is a message which both Parliament and the media must ensure that the Government is not allowed to ignore. □

* Report of the Committee on Restrictions against Disabled People, HMSO, £5.35.

Alf Morris is MP for Manchester Wythenshawe and was Minister for the Disabled from 1974-79.

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Western hearts and minds

MARY KALDOR describes the political and military logic behind the latest disarmament proposals of 'no first use' and outlines the proposals' flaws

IN THE SPRING ISSUE of *Foreign Affairs*, four eminent members of the American liberal establishment – Robert S. MacNamara, George Kennan, Gerard Smith (who was President Carter's chief negotiator in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks) and McGeorge Bundy – made a widely publicised proposal for a 'no-first-use' strategy for NATO. Their proposal was roundly attacked by Secretary of State Alexander Haig and by spokesmen for the West German Government. A few weeks later, in his speech to the UN Special Session on Disarmament, Foreign Minister Gromyko announced a unilateral pledge by the Soviet Union not to be the first to use nuclear weapons – apparently the only part of his speech which received applause.

The Soviet no-first-use pledge was a clever propaganda move. It is one of a series of initiatives which have clearly been designed to appeal to Western public opinion. A week after President Reagan announced his 'zero option' for Europe (non-deployment of Cruise and Pershing II missiles in return for the removal of SS-20, SS-4 and SS-5 medium and intermediate range ballistic missiles), President Brezhnev announced his proposal for a 'true zero option' – a European nuclear free zone from the Atlantic to the Urals. A week after President Reagan announced his proposals for START (Strategic Arms Reduction Talks), President Brezhnev proposed a freeze on production and deployment of nuclear weapons 'as soon as the talks begin'. The no-first-use pledge has, in a sense, been the most successful of these initiatives. It is unilateral and, therefore, many have argued that it increases the chances of other unilateral acts of arms limitation. And it helps to increase the pressure for a reciprocal NATO response. At the European Nuclear Disarmament Convention in Brussels last month, some participants handed a petition in to NATO Headquarters, calling on NATO to make a 'no-first-use' declaration.

NATO strategy is based on the assumption that the Soviet Union enjoys a massive superiority in conventional weapons and that it is deterred from *conventional* aggression by the knowledge that NATO would respond with *nuclear* weapons. The integration of battlefield nuclear weapons into the equipment, planning and tactics of ground forces in Central Europe is part of this so-called 'tripwire' stategy. Undoubtedly, a no-first-use declaration by NATO would necessitate a change in doctrine. But it is not at all clear how far-reaching such a change might turn out to be in practice, or whether such a change would necessarily contribute to the process of disarmament.

MacNamara and his co-authors argue that a 'no-first-use' strategy would 'allay fears of a limited nuclear war'. Certainly, many in the peace movement appear to be under the illusion that 'no-first-use' means the same as abandonment of NATO's 'flexible response' strategy and hence the end of limited nuclear war doctrine. It does not and it is as well to be absolutely clear on this point.

At present, there are two concepts of limited nuclear war. One is the military concept that nuclear war could be limited to the use of particular categories (or levels) of nuclear weapons. The other is the geographical concept that a nuclear war could be limited to a particular region, namely Europe. Both of these concepts are still compatible with a 'no-first-use' doctrine.

The concept of deterrence, if it is to operate at every level of escalation, rests on the assumption that 'the limited use of nuclear weapons would not *inevitably* escalate – or at least that the other side believes it to be the case. Otherwise there would be no reason to reject the idea of 'minimum' deterrence – confining deterrent forces to a small number of relatively invulnerable strategic forces.

The same argument applies to the geographical concept of limited nuclear war. Keeping American nuclear weapons in Europe means that the United States might be more willing to use such weapons than US-based strategic weapons since the use of nuclear weapons based in Europe would not necessarily involve the territory of the United States. European proponents of 'theatre' nuclear weapons insist that the argument is just the other way round: because limited nuclear war would inevitably escalate, this enhances deterrence. But this is a psychological sleight of hand. For if limited nuclear war inevitably escalates, (as I certainly believe it would), there can be no strategic case for basing nuclear weapons in Europe. The United States would be no more willing to use such weapons than US-based strategic weapons and the Soviet Union would be no more deterred by them.

The problem with 'minimum' deterrence for strategists is that is not credible in all circumstances. It involves a suicide threat. Only if the use of nuclear weapons in a limited way is conceivable, is the threat to use nuclear weapons 'credible'. The trend towards useability in nuclear weapons is thus an inevitable consequence of the problem of 'credibility'.

The answer to General de Gaulle's question 'Would the President risk Chicago for Paris?' is clearly 'No'. Only if the use of nuclear weapons in Europe does *not* necessarily affect Chicago, do US weapons in Europe represent a credible deterrent. And that, of course, entails an increased risk that the weapons will actually be used. If a no-first-use policy is seen as a way of sanctioning deterrence, then, I believe, it would also justify doctrines of limited nuclear war.

HERMAN KAHN'S article in the *New York Times Magazine* of 13 June, 1982 provides a marvellous illustration of this argument. He argues that a no-first-use policy 'would make it immoral not only for a nation to be the first to resort to the use of nuclear weapons but also for the attacked nation (or the nation guaranteeing the security of the attacked nation) not to take reasonable efforts to deter such attacks'. Violators of a no-first-use treaty would be punished by nuclear war aimed at disarming the violator. The United States and the Soviet Union would take responsibility for punishing each other's allies. Hence, for example, the United States would punish Syria, if Syria transgressed the notion of no-first-use; whereas if Israel were the first to use nuclear weapons, the United States would, as it were, let the Soviet Union loose on Israel.

Kahn has some trouble deciding who would punish India or Pakistan and is wisely silent about Argentina and Brazil or South Africa. To carry out the punishment, the United States would actually have to improve its capabilities for limited nuclear war and he devoted a good deal of space to how this might be done. 'Since flexibility is the key' wrote Herman Kahn, 'Senators, Representatives and others in favor of revitalizing America's conventional and nuclear military prowess could honestly argue that their position is dictated by a fervent desire to limit the consequences of any potential nuclear conflict. In particular, they could legitimately claim a moral and political justification for procuring war-fighting capabilities'.

A 'no-first-use' declaration is only useful for disarmament, therefore, if it leads to a strategic posture which is capable of going eventually beyond *both* current notions of limited nuclear war and the more traditional notion of 'minimum' deterrence. But the weapon posture implied by the *Foreign Affairs* article is one that would shift NATO strategy back towards minimum deterrence, although MacNamara and his co-authors insist that 'large, varied and survivable' forces would still be needed. Within 'Atlanticist' circles in Europe, a package of proposals appears to be being put together which would roughly correspond to the MacNamara position. The package includes the removal of battlefield nuclear weapons, increased emphasis on NATO's conventional defences, and continuing with plans to deploy the next generation of Cruise and Pershing II missiles. The Atlanticists argue that a 'no-first-use' posture would enhance the deterrence arguments in favour of Cruise and Pershing II and reduce the warfighting aspects of NATO's nuclear strategy.

Insofar as such proposals move NATO

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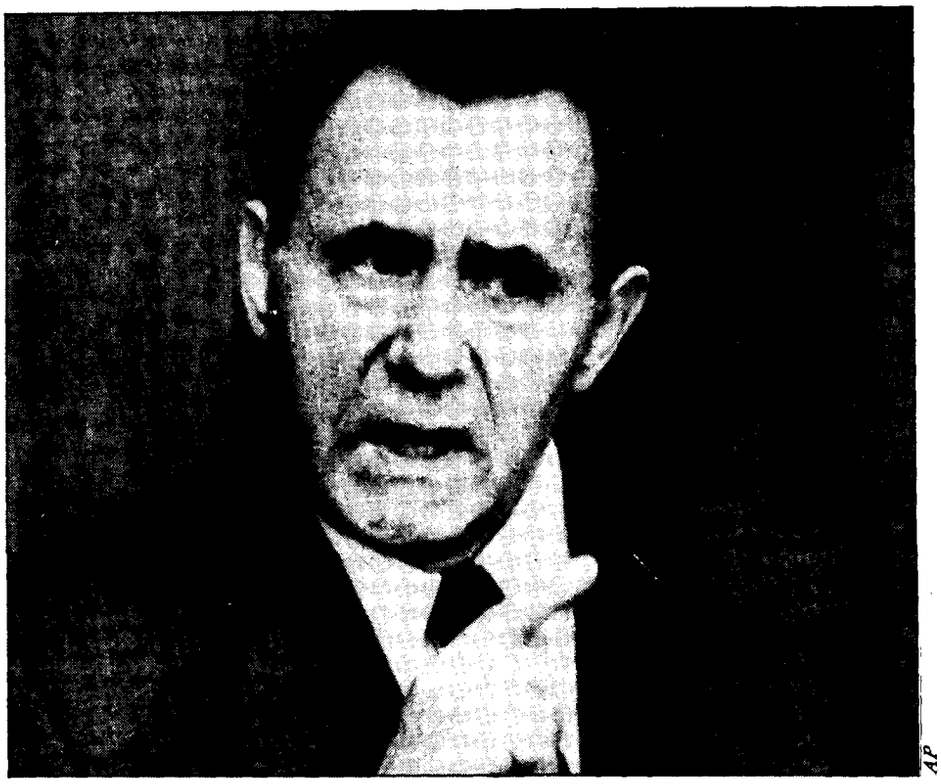

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Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko promises his finger won't be on the button first

back towards a minimum deterrence strategy, they contain all that strategy's logical flaws. The argument put forward for Cruise and Pershing II missiles, and indeed other US forward-based systems, is that the United States would have to fire them before they were knocked out by the Soviet Union; and that the Soviet Union would not distinguish between long-range nuclear weapons fired from Europe and those fired from US submarines or US territory. Assuming for the moment that this did not constitute first use – the Soviet Union having already fired, say, a short range missile – the question still remains: Would the President risk Chicago for Cruise and Pershing II missile bases in Europe? Only if he thought that firing Cruise and Pershing II missiles in Europe would *not* necessarily risk Chicago, could the presence of such weapons enhance the credibility of deterrence. In which case, we are back to limited nuclear war. And why should battlefield nuclear weapons be regarded as more or less dangerous than Cruise or Pershing II missiles, or any other nuclear weapons for that matter?

Underlying this logical problem is a political reality. The American attempt to increase the utility of nuclear weapons and the preoccupation with credibility was political as well as military. From the late 1950s, it became clear that the doctrine of massive retaliation was not useful in a *political* sense. It impressed neither friends nor enemies. It did not prevent revolutions in Asia or Latin America. It had little effect on the growing independence of Western Europe, particularly after the formation of the Common Market. While the presence of an atomic howitzer may have contributed to stopping the Chinese from taking the off-shore islands of Quemoy and Matsu in 1957, the question inevitably arose: what if it hadn't? Thus the doctrine of flexible response was elaborated; including the concept of limited conventional war, which was tested and found wanting in Vietnam. Frustration with America's international impotence during the Carter years, particularly after the taking of the US hostages in Iran, was, in my view, fundamental to the increased emphasis on the options of limited nuclear war.

This was of particular importance in Europe. During the 1960s and 1970s, a disjunction developed between the military relationship between Europe and America, (in which Europe remained subordinate) and the economic and political relationship, which was increasingly becoming more equal. While disputes as between equals developed between the United States and Western Europe over such issues as trade, money, energy, policy towards the Third World, or East-West relations, the American emphasis on the military relationship and particularly on the presence of nuclear weapons can be viewed as an attempt to reassert American leadership. When NATO's High Level Group discussed theatre nuclear modernization, they deliberately chose land-based systems so as to increase their 'political visibility' and they deliberately chose Cruise, in addition to Pershing IIs which are faster and less vulnerable, because it would provide the 'capability of attacking a wider range of targets from several different bases thereby increasing the opportunity for participation by member countries through deployment on their soil'.

The MacNamara proposals are regarded as a way of revitalising NATO by redressing the inequality in the military relationship. He is very sensitive to the possibility that American crassness might provoke the creation of an independent European or German nuclear *force de frappe*. The reduced emphasis on nuclear weapons in NATO doctrine is a way of reducing the American role in NATO. It is part of what Helmut Schmidt has described as the two-pillar theory of NATO, the principle of Military power sharing between the United States and Western Europe. The emphasis on the deterrence function of nuclear weapons and on the idea of Cruise and Pershing II as being elements in the US *strategic* arsenal, are thought to be a way of ensuring that the US and Europe feel 'in it together'. But a reduction in the American leadership role in NATO would also diminish the American ability to impose solutions to Euro-American conflicts. It is precisely because those conflicts exist and, indeed, are growing that Europeans feel threatened by the United States in a way that they did not ten or 20 years ago. But, far from bringing the two sides closer the MacNamara proposals could well move them further apart. For the current military disarray in NATO doctrine reflects a much deeper economic and political disarray. It cannot be solved through a mere change in strategy.

The MacNamara proposals are flawed because of their inconsistency. Reducing emphasis on nuclear weapons cannot ultimately contribute to the preservation of the post-war power bloc system. On the other hand, we could take positive elements of the proposals, such as the removal of battlefield nuclear weapons, and put them in a different political context. Then perhaps we could find a more consistent set of proposals that could be viewed as a stage in a disarmament process. The different political context would be one which had the aim of ending the Cold War division of Europe and eventually dissolving the bloc system. A no-first-use declaration and the removal of battlefield nuclear weapons would need to be accompanied by an alternative package of proposals which would include the non-deployment of Cruise and Pershing II missiles, the encouragement of nuclear free zones in the Nordic area, the Balkans or elsewhere and the adoption of low level conventional defensive postures in Western Europe.

The idea would be to adopt a deliberately less alarming approach to armaments, built upon *political* constraints against the use of force, while moving towards a *political* solution to the underlying conflicts in Europe. This approach could be combined with abandonment of offensive capabilities, such as long distance transport or long range weapons. It is never possible, in a world of nuclear weapons, to possess an entirely effective defence. The main aim of such a policy is to make an attack costly not only in terms of people and resources but also, perhaps even more importantly, in terms of domestic and international political legitimacy. The reduction in nuclear weapons would deliberately be seen as a way of *loosening* the cohesion of NATO. Together with improvements in East-West relations, this could although it need not, result in a positive reciprocal process which might eventually lead to the detachment of both halves of Europe from the superpowers.

A no-first-use pledge by NATO could help to initiate such a process. Because it requires a change in NATO strategy, it could provide space for changes which might benefit the cause of peace. But support for a no-first-use declaration should not detract from the main efforts of the West Europe peace movement – to remove all nuclear weapons from Europe.□

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DIPLOMACY

Tough talk, soft soap

Following Mrs Gandhi's visit to Washington last week, CLAUDIA WRIGHT examines the state of US-Indian relations

THE SCENE, the champagne line at a Washington reception for the Prime Minister of India, Mrs Indira Gandhi. At one end of the line, Robert Komer, Pentagon nickname 'Blowtorch', now in the private consulting business, but for the past 20 years Washington's expert on counter-insurgency, 'pacification', and military intervention from Vietnam to Yemen, Guatemala to Zaire. Komer was saying in a loud voice that in 1961 he was the man responsible for persuading President Kennedy to improve US relations with India. 'Simple arithmetic – that's all it was. I simply told the President the US couldn't afford to be aligned with a country that had 50 million people (Pakistan) against India which had 450 million.' Others who heard the claim instantly insisted on the credit for themselves.

A small distance away from Komer, an Indian military officer was describing his reaction to the American hostage-taking in Iran in 1979. 'After it happened I told some of my boys to get a plan together of how we would get the hostages out if it were up to us. We could have cleaned it up too. I told the American military attaché I couldn't understand why Washington didn't go ahead with a plan like ours.'

In fact, the tough talk on both the American and the Indian side was mostly confined to the bar. The Prime Minister herself aimed to be mollifying at all times, and to extract from the Reagan Administration as much goodwill as possible. But there was a danger that in reciprocating Mr Reagan's goodwill, she would appear to her political opponents at home to have conceded too much for too little.

Like a congregation waiting for news of a hoped-for conversion to their faith, the American journalists who interviewed Mrs Gandhi pressed her about Indian attitudes toward the Soviet Union and about Mr Reagan's remarks to her on this issue. She said the President had played much the same tune on the Moscow theme as he had at their first meeting in Mexico last year. Exactly how did the President express himself? 'I don't know really,' the Prime Minister said, breaking into a light laugh as she looked toward her advisers, who returned with hearty laughter of their own. 'We see problems on a more down-to-earth level. The superpowers see things at a higher level, like a child sees things from the knee up.' 'I hope', one of her advisers said later, 'no one was confused by what the PM said. Unfortunately it sounded as if the President was the child.'

In its first year the Reagan Administration had been tough and hostile towards Mrs Gandhi. They had insisted, for example, in the face of Indian objections, that George Griffin, a US official with a reputation for meddling in Bangladesh and Afghanistan, must be accepted as the new counsellor at the US embassy in Delhi. They had threatened to block IMF approval of a three-year credit for India worth over $5 billion. They vetoed a World Bank scheme for low-interest energy loans on which the Indian oil industry was counting, and they cut US contributions to, and India's share of, the World Bank's soft loan funds. They refused to ship nuclear fuel to the US-built reactor at Tarapur. And of course, there was the unprecedented American rearmament programme for Pakistan. As military and economic aid for General Zia Ul-Haq doubled from 1981 to 1982, then tripled for the coming financial year to more than half a billion dollars, food and development assistance for Mrs Gandhi dropped by 24 per cent to a paltry $210 million.

There has been some relaxation in the American pressure, however. The Griffin nomination was allowed to drop, and on 9 July the US voted with the rest of the IMF board to approve India's second-year credit of about $2 billion. The explanation for the IMF decision, Indians say, is that 'our performance got the better of their prejudice.' But Mrs Gandhi has had to pay a price: unpopular budget retrenchment, increased prices and higher taxation. The Americans were so impressed by the subsequent improvement in India's balance of payments that Walter Stoessel, the Deputy Secretary of State, said just before Mrs Gandhi left for Washington that the US might be willing to sell India the same aircraft it was giving to Pakistan – the F-16. C-130 transports and artillery were also reported to be for sale. Mrs Gandhi declined graciously. She may yet take the artillery, but 'the money was already committed to other airplanes.'

ON AFGHANISTAN the Indians remain convinced that Washington is uninterested in serious negotiations, and will try to block them getting anywhere – as it did in 1980 and 1981. George Shultz, the new Secretary of State, went out of his way to belittle the June talks in Geneva between the foreign ministers of Pakistan and Afghanistan, and the UN mediator, Diego Cordovez. 'The *sine qua non* for an Afghan settlement', Shultz told the Senate on 23 July, 'is Soviet troop withdrawal'.

As Mrs Gandhi hinted delicately here, the American position ignores most of the points discussed at Geneva. In particular, she said, for there to be a Soviet troop withdrawal, there had to be a stop to arms coming into Afghanistan for the guerrillas, and both superpowers had to guarantee non-interference in the country's internal affairs. The Americans, it seemed to the Prime Minister's delegation, still think of toppling the Babrak Karmal regime. 'I don't think the Soviets will tolerate any regime which is anti-Soviet', Mrs Gandhi said, 'but they would accept a non-aligned regime in Kabul.' There is scope for nego-

'450 million people can't be wrong'

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tiating gradual withdrawal of the Soviet forces, she told the Secretary of State, but the US will have to accept something less than the victory of the Mujahedeen. Mrs Gandhi is keen to convince the Americans that she has leverage with Moscow that may be effective in the long run.

To accomplish that she took advantage of India's tough stand on US fuel shipments for the nuclear reactor at Tarapur. This dispute is a complex one. It goes back to 1978 when the Nuclear Non-proliferation Act was passed by Congress, establishing new safeguards and inspection requirements for reactors of countries receiving US nuclear fuel. The Americans were anxious to prevent diversion of US fuel by reprocessing into nuclear devices of the kind tested by India in 1974. The Indians refused to accept the new requirements, claiming they could reprocess spent US fuel without American approval, and that in 1993, when the Tarapur agreement will expire, so would the original restrictions on reprocessing. The Americans rejected these claims, and the Reagan Administration has held up further fuel supplies as a consequence.

After threatening to declare the 1963 agreement a dead letter and to move immediately to reprocess the Tarapur fuel, Mrs Gandhi had modified her position. The two sides haven't resolved their dispute – they may never do so. But they agreed before Mrs Gandhi reached Washington to avoid an open break on the issue, and at the same time to allow Tarapur to continue operating with substitute fuel from France.

US officials say they emphasised 'linkage' between settling the Tarapur argument and other foreign policy issues. Privately they say that Mrs Gandhi has been persuaded that Moscow is more of a threat to the subcontinent than she had realised at the outset of the Afghanistan intervention.

THE STRATEGY on the Indian side is to encourage this American belief and make use of it. If Mr Reagan wants to win Mrs Gandhi away from Moscow, she expects him to make concessions on other issues. If that in turn disconcerts Mr Brezhnev, whom Mrs Gandhi will visit in September, then she expects that he too might be persuaded to make concessions in Afghanistan. It is Mrs Gandhi's hope that, through this dual courtship, she will strengthen India's value in the calculations of both superpower leaders. And if she can do that, she thinks, she will have achieved a major realignment of US policy towards India, inevitably reducing the importance of Pakistan in Washington's strategic schemes, and the threat that poses to India's security.

When Mrs Thatcher was last in Washington visiting the White House, she hesitated to speak to the press without protection from her aides who interjected comments and cut off questions whenever she appeared unable to cope. With much more to fear from an American campaign of military pressure through Pakistan, and of economic destabilisation at home, Mrs Gandhi was the more confident and relaxed of the two Prime Ministers. Looking as fit as she did when she was here eleven years ago, she disclaimed the image she thought Americans had of her as an 'iron lady'. 'In fact', she quipped, 'I am taking an iron supplement.'

Mrs Gandhi has calculated the risks of playing into Washington's hands. She knows that the Reagan team may interpret her flexibility as softness, and press even tougher conditions on her domestic economic policies and foreign investment rules, before allowing next year's IMF credits to pass. But the Prime Minister reminded the White House that it could be too confident of its Pakistani friends' survival. 'One general comes. Another goes.'

The message for the White House was that Mrs Gandhi will survive longer in Delhi than Zia Ul-Haq in Islamabad, or even Ronald Reagan in Washington. □

TURKEY

Dikerdem's incarceration

The Turkish political repression is now going to the heart of the country's old Establishment. CRISPIN AUBREY reports

THE TRIAL of 29 leaders of the Turkish Peace Association re-opened last month in Istanbul and its main defendant, 66-year-old former diplomat Mahmut Dikerdem, has been taken seriously ill and transferred to a military hospital. Dikerdem was president of the TPA unti its banning three years ago by the military junta. He suffers from a number of long-standing illnesses, including a malignant growth on his prostate gland. But according to his family he has been denied both adequate medical attention and visits from his own doctor.

Since their arrest in raids last February, the Peace Association leaders have been incarcerated in a top security detention centre at the 2nd Armoured Division HQ on a windswept hill just outside Istanbul. They were at first crushed six to a cell with matresses laid on a stone floor. Visits by lawyers have been consistently limited to 20 minutes once a week.

'My father was due to have a major biopsy the day after his arrest,' says his eldest son, Dr Mehmet Dikerdem, who lives in London and has launched a defence campaign around the trial. 'He has to urinate through a special tube, which is extremely painful, and has at times been passing blood. He desperately needs an operation to remove the growth, but the military hospital is little more than a glorified dispensary.' Mehmet has also found it difficult to discuss his father's case in detail with friends still in Turkey because of a military ban on public political statements. The former prime minister, Bulent Ecevit, was recently jailed for writing an article in the German magazine *Der Speigel*.

The TPA trial will test how far Turkey's military regime is able to crack down on radical organisations. Unlike the mass trials of leftists and trade unionists which are also under way, this one has a list of defendants which reads like a roll call of the country's former establishment. They include the head of the Turkish Medical Association, the President of the Istanbul Bar, five former Republican Party MPs as well as journalists, authors and academics. The military prosecutor has already demanded prison sentences of up to 30 years.

All the charges in a 91-page indictment relate to the three-year period *before* the junta seized power. The Peace Association was then extremely active in campaigning against nuclear weapons, in particular the proposed siting of Cruise and Pershing missiles at American bases in Turkey. Much of the evidence consists of speeches and statements made by TPA leaders, although the main allegation is that the Association was directly linked to the banned Turkish Communist Party. This is based partly on its alleged membership of the World Peace Council, whose vice-president is British MP James Lamond.

The military regime's determination to pursue the TPA must be viewed in the light of massively increased United States military aid. With its long border against the Soviet Union, Turkey already contains over 50 US and NATO bases, and is currently negotiating with the US about its plans for a Rapid Deployment Force to 'trouble-shoot' in the Middle East. Turkey now ranks fourth in the world in terms of percentage of GNP spent on armaments, but unemployment has reached 20 per cent and the economy is in crisis. The trial is also seen as an attempt by a right-wing faction within the military junta to detain prominent liberals while the country returns to a promised semblance of democracy. A new constitution, announced last week, severely restricts political and press freedoms.

However, the success or failure of the prosecution could be determined largely by international opinion. A member of the Council of Europe and applicant to the EEC, Turkey could find itself increasingly at odds with its new-found partners. The former Swedish prime minister, Olaf Palme, has been refused a visa to attend the trial, although three British observers, including Labour MP Arthur Davidson, are expected to be there.

This is only one in a long list of political prosecutions taking place in special courts throughout Turkey. Those on trial range from Kurdish separatists and small Marxist groups to the executive of what was once the country's second largest trade union, DISC. The latter trial has continued intermittently since last December, and will now have to alternate day by day with the TPA trial in a converted basketball arena.

The vast numbers of political prisoners – 45,000 according to the junta itself, 1,200 of whom face the death penalty – have posed a mammoth overcrowding problem. Twenty new prisons have had to be built since the 1979 coup. □

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ITALY

Calvi and the Vatican connection

Roberto Calvi, found hanging from Blackfriars Bridge, was almost certainly murdered. TANA DE ZULUETA in Rome examines the dealings of the Banco Ambrosiano

'IN ITALY THERE is no such thing as a self-made man'. An Italian banker was commenting on the day's news on an April morning in Milan. Just a couple of hours earlier one of the directors of Italy's largest private bank, the Banco Ambrosiano, had been shot in the legs in what a local magistrate had unhesitatingly described as 'a typical Mafia warning'. The victim, Roberto Rosone, used to boast that he had worked his way up 'from the bottom', just like his boss, Roberto Calvi, one-time clerk, then Chairman of the Ambrosiano until the day of his death under Blackfriars Bridge, London. The banker was only voicing what had, until the shooting, been no more than an insistent rumour in banking circles. Now, however, there was some evidence that the Ambrosiano in its spectacular rise from humdrum provincial banking to multimillion, multinational deals, had, under Calvi's management, taken on board some pretty rough customers.

That the Ambrosiano's operating methods were not entirely above suspicion was already common knowledge by the time Calvi went on the run. Sentenced to four years' jail and a massive fine in July last year, Calvi was only free pending an appeal. What was less well known was that the Vatican bank, the Institute for Religious Works or IOR, was the Ambrosiano's key operating partner in its international deals. Under the energetic management of Chicago-born Archbishop Paul Marcinkus, the IOR has shown an astonishing 'penchant' for offshore banking, secret Panamanian companies and numbered Swiss accounts. Last week the Vatican used diplomatic privilege and returned to sender, un-opened, a judiciary notice addressed to Marcinkus and informing him that he is under criminal investigation for his part in the Ambrosiano's affairs.

When Calvi fled his Rome apartment on 10 June he was already in fear of his life. He was an easy prey to the motley group who guided him on a wild-goose chase through Europe. Last Friday the architect of the whole escapade, the Sardinian businessman Flavio Carboni, was picked up by the Swiss police just a few miles from the Italian border. Carboni had vanished from London, where he himself had guided Calvi, within a few hours of the banker's death. By winning his trust and friendship Carboni had, during the previous months, succeeded in simply terrifying Calvi. In a telephone conversation this year Carboni can be heard saying: 'Tomorrow I shall see to your protection. But try not to sleep there. They might wait for you below. It's worth taking all possible precautions for 3, 6 months, somewhere safe, bullet-proofed, well-protected . . .'

Little protection was arranged. Though in Italy Calvi never moved without 11 personal bodyguards, in London he was attended – on Carboni's orders – only by Silvano Vittor, a small-time smuggler who had made his living trading in jeans and coffee over the Yugoslav border.

WHY WAS Calvi in London and what was he escaping from? Ostensibly, Calvi's flight from Italy was precipitated by a letter from the Bank of Italy demanding information on – and an explanation for – the astonishing debts contracted by the Ambrosiano's three Latin American offshoots. It is this $1.4 billion 'hole' in its accounts which has brought the Ambrosiano to its knees. Three Central Bank commissioners are now running the Ambrosiano, while a lifeboat consortium of Italian banks has been brought in to keep it afloat. Meanwhile the Luxembourg end of Ambrosiano's operations, which contracted at least half of that crippling debt, has defaulted on its creditors (including Natwest and Midland) and is now under receivership.

Last week in London one of those three Bank of Italy commissioners begged Natwest and the Ambrosiano's 250-odd creditors to give them time – the time, that is, to track the money down. As far as the Bank of Italy is concerned the actual beneficiary of the loans was the Vatican bank – the ostensible owner of the five Panama companies into which the money has vanished. The Bank of Italy's evidence consists of what in banking parlance are coyly termed 'letters of comfort', signed by Marcinkus, and recognising the companies as Vatican-controlled. The Italian authorities claim that a subsequent (secret) guarantee addressed to Marcinkus and signed by Calvi, releasing IOR from all responsibility, has no legal value. The Vatican, they say, must pay up.

It seems likely, however, that on this occasion the Vatican was simply doing Calvi a favour – hence the note. When Calvi fled the country with a crudely falsified passport in his pocket, he was behaving like a man who had more to hide that a generous loan to the Vatican. He should have found no difficulty in turning over a Vatican loan. Chase Manhattan, for one, is happy to lend IOR $600m to see the Vatican through its present troubles. The question, however, remains: just who has the Vatican been acting for?

Two days after a City of London coroner had passed a suicide verdict on Calvi's death, the Sicilian financier Michele Sindona, one-time banker to the Vatican, and now serving a 25-year sentence in a Springfield, Missouri jail, told an ABC reporter that Calvi had been killed. Sindona pointed out that Calvi had been a protégé of his. 'I was I who introduced Calvi to Marcinkus', he said. Sindona also compared Calvi's career to his own, pointing out that while calvi is dead, he, Sindona, is still alive: 'I did not betray friends', he said suggestively.

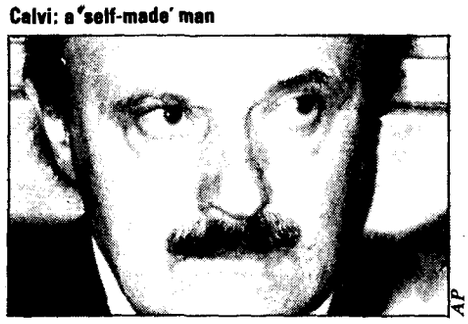
If Sindona was banker to the Mafia, Calvi was banker to another Mafia-like organisation – the mysterious P2 freemasons' lodge, which was uncovered and dissolved last year, and whose members included Italian secret service chiefs, top-ranking army officers, ministers and civil servants. It was no coincidence that the lodge's secret membership lists were uncovered during investigations into an Italian blackmail campaign engineered by Sindona – another listed P2 member. Calvi may have been the informant.

ONE MIGHT well wonder what can have induced the Vatican bank to keep such company. Sindona did all he could to entice the Vatican into partnership, relieving the church of awkward investments and offering, according to Marcinkus himself, splendid opportunities for quick profits. In return the Vatican offered enormous advantages. There is little doubt that Sindona's virtues as a banker to those who wished to move money anonymously in and out of Italy centred upon his open door to that foreign territory in the midst of Rome, the Vatican. When Sindona fled the country and a warrant of arrest for fraud, Calvi succeeded him as Vatican banker. Together he and Marcinkus (installed as a director of the Ambrosiano's key Bahamas subsidiary) exploited to the full the profitable opportunities offered by the P2 lodge through its links with junta chiefs throughout Latin America.

If the Church has found itself elbow to elbow with the Mafia (and, paradoxically, with a Mafia-like masons' lodge in spite of the Church's official strictures against freemasonry), the explanation could well lie in the nature of its financial needs. The finances of the Catholic Church are still largely a mystery. In one of the very few studies of its kind, a 10-year-old survey of the finances of the American Catholic Church established that at that time the combined assets of dioceses and religious orders in the US were roughly equivalent to those of the multinational ITT. The Church, on the other hand, has very few opportunities for investment. Strangely, the Mafia has a similar problem. In the past ten years the profits from the Sicilian Mafia's control of the heroin trade have reached million-dollar figures – more than the organisation can absorb.

The IOR handles the accounts of the world's most important religious orders, from the Jesuits and Dominicans down – besides investing for the Pope and the Vatican. Marcinkus's mistake was to look for those banks whose discretion was only equalled by their generous interest-rates. Unfortunately, these were the very same banks favoured by the Mafia and the P2. □

Calvi: a 'self-made' man



AP

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DIARY

Hugh Stephenson

I made a sort of half-hearted resolution to keep a diary of my first few days and weeks at the *New Statesman*. Recollected in tranquillity, it would no doubt have provided nostalgic reading in my old age. But natural diary keepers are born not made – and I am not and did not. Two things happened in those first ten days, though, that do not require a diary as a reminder. The first was that, almost before I had taken my coat off or discovered how the coffee percolator worked, 10 Great Turnstile was finally sold. It was, as they say, sold well and it was a sensible decision. For the substantial sums of money released by the sale of our building will put us in a better position than most other moderate-sized, independent magazines (naming no names) to see out this interminable Thatcher recession. But still, selling the quirky building, which has been the home of the *New Statesman* for a half a century had an end-of-an-era feel about it. The more so for an absolute newcomer, sitting gingerly down below a Kapp drawing of Kingsley Martin with a distinct impression that he would not have approved.

○

The second event was agreeing to send you all a questionnaire on which you could tell us what you thought of us. It was graced, you may recall, with a caricature of the new editor of the *New Statesman* which may have caused you to ask why the Board in its wisdom had decided to re-appoint Paul Johnson to the chair. The risk was two-fold: either very few of you would make the effort to reply, or your replies would show that we were hopelessly out of touch with our readers. Except in the formal confines of a 'Letters Page', Fleet Street as an institution and journalists in general are not good at taking into account the views and wishes of the paying customer. We wanted to have a substantial and constructive response from our readers. So it was with some inevitable apprehension that we waited for the reply-paid pigeons to come fluttering back.

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A flood was the response. The front counter was piled high day after day. We had all been telling ourselves of the danger of reading too much into the results from a biased sample of a biased sample – that is replies from those energetic enough to fill in questionnaires, self-chosen from a population that was already buying the magazine. But in the first two weeks we got almost 4,500 replies. They are still coming in. Now, two months later, we have reached the 7,300 mark. That represents more than one in five of all those who bought the issue in question. So much for the figures. But what is the message?

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The first part clearly is that we have a very loyal and involved readership. The extraordinary level of the response is proof of that. (One or two objected to the modest prizes on offer as being un-socialist inducements, but I should doubt whether they had more than a marginal effect on the volume of the outcome.) The replies were in the main so obviously personal. We shall try to find a way of publishing a typical cross-section of them. The flavour and the range is caught by a reply from an American public figure (30 years a reader) who reports the shock that ran through Fresno, California, when Arthur Marshall was dismissed.

○

When Anthony Howard, my predecessor but one, reported on a similar survey of regular *NS* readers in 1976, he came to the rather depressed conclusion that there was 'very little that could be translated into a coherent message for the editor and the staff'. I haven't looked back in detail to see whether I agree. But several clear messages for the editor and the staff seem to come out of these replies. The first is that the profile of the average *NS* reader has changed quite fast in recent years. (The *NS*, though, still seems overwhelmingly to be bought by men – in fact to an even slightly greater extent than in 1976, which is perhaps surprising given the personalities and interests of many of the journalists employed here.)

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The average age is now much lower – 36 compared with 45 in 1976. But these average figures, though very encouraging for the future, are deceptive by themselves. For it still seems to be the case that half our readers are regular buyers of more than four years' standing and of these roughly half are older than 40. By contrast more than 90 per cent of our new regular readers seem to be aged between 15 and 40. This suggests that the *NS* needs to address itself to several audiences of the Left. The common aspect is that all age groups are strongly united in seeing the *NS* as an anti-Establishment, clear-minded, well-informed and well-argued journal. That is comforting for that is precisely the direction in which we want to advance further.

○

We also have to report that most of our readers think that the *NS* is 'excellent value for money'. So far as the content is concerned we hope that this will continue to be the case. For the rest we think it should be better value for money and will be giving you more pages on better paper in the autumn. And, as a footnote, whatever the temporary troubles of the people's party, *NS* readers are still right behind it. 80 per cent of our readers are Labour supporters. Next in line comes the SDP at 4 per cent.

ROGER WOODS

Decent people

'This is not the Labour Party I joined and worked for. Today it has hit-lists of decent men and women.' – Bob Mellish

It's hellish being Mellish,
But it's far worse being Foot:
He is sworn to heal divisions,
Up with which he will not put.
But the rise of Peter Tatchell,
Like the fall of summer rain,
May reveal the old umbrella
Is unequal to the strain.

The sight of decent people
Being forced to pack it in
Sends the tears of Fleet Street coursing
Down its sentimental chin.
When the Right lack all conviction
And the Centre cannot hold,
Only heaven knows what others
Are about to break the mould.

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

☐ Two factory workers were sacked after allegations that they were 'having it off' on a company toilet, an industrial tribunal was told yesterday. 'If this thing spread we would have everybody in the toilets and no production,' said Mr Geoffrey Richards, director of Kingsway Apparel, a Swansea clothing firm – *Belfast News Letter* (A. Boyd).

☐ 'As always, I persuade political opponents by the sheer charm and logic of my point of view. One or two people have resisted it so far, but no doubt they'll succumb in the end. – Norman Tebbit quoted in *Sunday Times* (Tony Manwaring).

☐ An inquiry has been started at the Good Hope Hospital, Sutton Coldfield, into the use by Mr Peter Berger, a senior surgeon, of a £5,000 ultra-sound scanner to discover whether his dog was pregnant. – *The Times* (Amanda Welles).

☐ Sergeant Major Wager said later: 'The Princess spoke of the terrible tragedy of the horses caught by the IRA bomb.' Sergeant Cook added: 'She was also very sympathetic about the people who lost their lives and were injured.' – *Daily Mirror* (Andrew Belsey).

☐ But an angry Conservative Councillor Mrs Paddy Bradley, said today: 'It is diabolical. The ratepayers will end up in soup kitchens eventually eating gruel. Admittedly Andy Warhol is more famous than some of the rubbish we have bought previously. But it is a complete waste of money.' Councillor Mrs Bradley, the Tory leisure spokesman, added: 'It is not even a British can of soup.' – *Dudley Express and Star* (Brian M. Hall).

☐ Fears were rising last night that the remains of triple killer Barry Prudom could be laid to rest in the town he terrorised. Local councillors are horrified the gunman's pauper's grave could be turned into a tourist attraction. *Darlington Northern Echo* (R. Goddard).

☐ Loughborough University of Technology: Picking and grading British apples: Applications are invited for a 16 month post-graduate STUDENTSHIP to undertake research leading to the degree of M.Phil. on the picking and grading of British apples, including fieldwork probably in Kent, Sussex and Worcestershire. – *New Society* (N.A.H. Stacey).

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LETTERS

The dangers of asbestos

John Devonshire, 6 Warneford Place, Moreton in Marsh, Glos.

I watched the recent Yorkshire Television programme, 'Alice – A Fight for Life', with horror and anger. It seems that since 1898 the dangers of exposure to asbestos fibres have been known to the employers. Yet manufacturers have expanded production vastly since then and have never been totally successful in meeting the 'safe' limits set in government legislation. A recent move further reduced the number of fibres per cubic centimetre of air allowed, but it seems only too apparent that there is no safe limit where asbestos is concerned. Since no manufacturer is likely to be able to

achieve that target, the only conclusion now facing us is that asbestos should be banned. Meanwhile, thousands of workers throughout the world have died a premature, horrible death as a result of working with asbestos or exposure to it in the environment. One death highlighted in the programme followed a period of as little as two weeks handling asbestos sheets.

Certain doctors, unions, newspapers, TV companies and individuals have fought against the dangers of asbestos for years, but there has been to my knowledge no continuing, broadly-based campaign against its use. I would like to suggest that those active on this issue get together to form such a campaign. Its objects could be as follows:

- The collation of all the evidence on the effects of exposure to asbestos, and the sponsoring of further research if needed;
- A ban on the use of asbestos in Britain and world-wide;
- To investigate safe alternatives to asbestos in insulation, brake linings, building materials, fire protection etc., to fill the gap resulting from such a ban, and to provide employment for those who would lose their jobs.
- To take up legal action on behalf of victims of asbestosis and mesothelioma (an asbestos-related cancer) and lung cancer caused by asbestos fibres to obtain compensation;
- Alleviation of the welfare problems of sufferers of asbestos diseases.

Such a campaign would not easily attain its objectives. The asbestos industry has its own organisation trying to maintain asbestos usage, and the profits from mining, manufacture and distribution of asbestos and its products are considerable. However, something must be done to stem the flow of death directly related to this material and the growing avoidance of what controls there are in countries such as Britain, by the setting up of factories in the under-developed world.

How many more must die before effective action is taken?

Less than kind?

Norman Beswick, Barbara Beswick, 20 Beaumayes Close, Boxmoor, Hemel Hempstead

The letter to which Mrs Boateng (Letters 30 July) takes exception was conceived, drafted and written by my wife and me, and only signed by others when we met at a social occasion.

Mrs Boateng beautifully describes, and exemplifies, the elitist GMC behaviour and attitudes we complained about. Her justification is that it also happened in 1965! We weren't there (was she?) but since that time there has been a campaign for Labour Party democracy. Socialism is *about* democracy, ordinary people having control over their own lives and their own party.

If Mrs Boateng has noted the recent crowded branch meetings of protest throughout the constituency, she may wonder why (in a highly marginal seat) the GMC preferred to split the party and ignore a patently obvious mass demand. It is precisely because my wife and I do admire Paul Boateng that we resent his being put up as a patsy by a clique whose interest in democracy and the election of a Labour government has rarely been less obvious.

Approaches to opposition

John Garrett MP, House of Commons, London SW1

Chris Price's views on the role of a Parliamentary opposition (Diary, *NS* 23 July) help to explain how the government has come to dominate Parliament over the last 50 years or so. The proposed reforms in Commons procedure he dismisses as 'managerialist' were aimed at requiring the government to justify and account for specific spending estimates instead of whipping them through on the nod. I've never understood how filibustering is a more effective form of opposition than requiring Ministers to explain the objectives and results of their policies and spending programmes. A rather more managerial approach to opposition would worry governments much more than the 'instinctive' and amateurish methods he seems to favour.

Baton rounds

Keith Lomax, Leeds Other Paper, 59 Cookridge Street, Leeds 2

Tim Tate's personalised and vindictive attack on myself (Letters 30 July) is unfounded. He claims I 'lifted' the contents of my article on police baton rounds in West Yorkshire (*NS* 23 July), from an article by him published earlier in the *Yorkshire Post*.

In fact I 'lifted' not one single word. The material was entirely researched by myself and presented in good faith to *NS*. But Tim Tate and I have one thing in common it seems; we both read *NS*! For it wasn't until reading his letter that I knew of his article's existence. I read it for the first time on Sunday, 1 August.

Tim Tate and I both independently discovered the Home Office did not supply West Yorkshire police with plastic bullets. *Leeds Other Paper* laid the blame clearly at the door of Ronald Gregory, the county's Chief Constable, as did my article in *NS*. He was responsible for misleading the Police Committee into believing plastic bullets had been foisted on the force, supplied by the Home Office. The Chief Constable's deceit has still not been as clearly expressed in the commercial press.

LOP's independent claim *was* news to at least some Police Committee members and to other county councillors, and it *did* lead to action. While I have never claimed 'responsibility for glory that is not his own', I do claim *LOP* deserves credit in its coverage of this and similar matters in which it attempts each week to unravel and publicise the facts where the muck needs raking, however unpalatable the resulting smell; a practice not too common in commercial papers such as the *Yorkshire Post*.

If articles such as Tim Tate's were not a rarity I'd keep a closer eye on the paper he works for. If he's interested in the need to dig out the truth then co-operation in investigative work might be more constructive than personal attacks over glory seeking.

Glaring lapses

Maggie Butcher, Senior Education Officer, Commonwealth Institute, London W8

As the organizer of the recent Seminar on Indian Writing in English at the Commonwealth Institute, the proceedings of which I shall be editing and publishing in due course, I must point out some important errors of fact in Dilip Hiro's report (*NS* 23 July).

It was indeed unfortunate that R K Narayan was unable to be present but the implication that Anita Desai was invited in his place is totally inaccurate. Mrs Desai was invited from the first, in her own right, as one of India's most important writers and at no time was ever regarded as a substitute, even if that were possible, for another writer.

Secondly, I find it 'amazing' that Dilip Hiro, who was present for the entire two and a half days of the seminar, failed to notice or speak to any of the seven publishers who were present, one of whom chaired a session. The most 'glaring lapse' is surely Dilip Hiro's, not mine, in that his article fails to mention either the poets or a single literary critic, British or Indian, who gave some of the most stimulating contributions to the seminar.

Defence and reply

David Alton MP, House of Commons, London SW1

I hope you will bring to your readers' attention the true facts from which Christopher Price's comments (*NS* 30 July) purportedly stem. When you reported the original remarks about me I made it perfectly clear that they were uncalled for and unfair. At that time I simply asked for an apology and retraction, which were not forthcoming.

I therefore instructed my solicitor, making it clear that I was not after damages but an apology, and that any damages offered or awarded would be given to charity.

Ultimately an apology was given, and it was agreed by those who had made the original remarks that they would meet the legal costs.

For your magazine to publish an article implying that I have made or sought financial gain from this libel action, or any other litigation, is simply misleading. I can see no reason why I should allow political opponents to abuse and malign me without exercising some right of defence and reply.

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BRETECHER

THE NEW MAN

what's all this 'new man' rubbish they're all writing about these days, ah, here we go!
oh you know it's the sensitive anti-macho who rejects virile values and doesn't have to get it up all the time... we've heard it before I'm sorry you've got it all wrong
it's an underhand attempt by heterosexuals to turn homosexuality to their advantage. that's what it is
Before, men who rejected masculine stereotypes were gay now they're 'new men' and - bang! - you win over the lesbians too makes sense
perhaps it'll put some men back on the market that can't be bad you just want to normalize everyone don't you?
until now being gay was the only way to escape the established order... oh come on you know you all want to get married
so will the new man be a reformed poof or a failed dyke? that's not funny
we've struggled for the right to be different only to be told in the end that we're the same... it makes me sick, I refuse to live in a straight world!
until now I've been pretty much non-scene but if gays become accepted and absorbed by the dominant sexual ideology I warn you, I'm going to become the most outrageous queen you've ever seen
Have you noticed Cynthia how this place attracts more and more queers?
Sometimes I get worked up about nothing
BRETECHER

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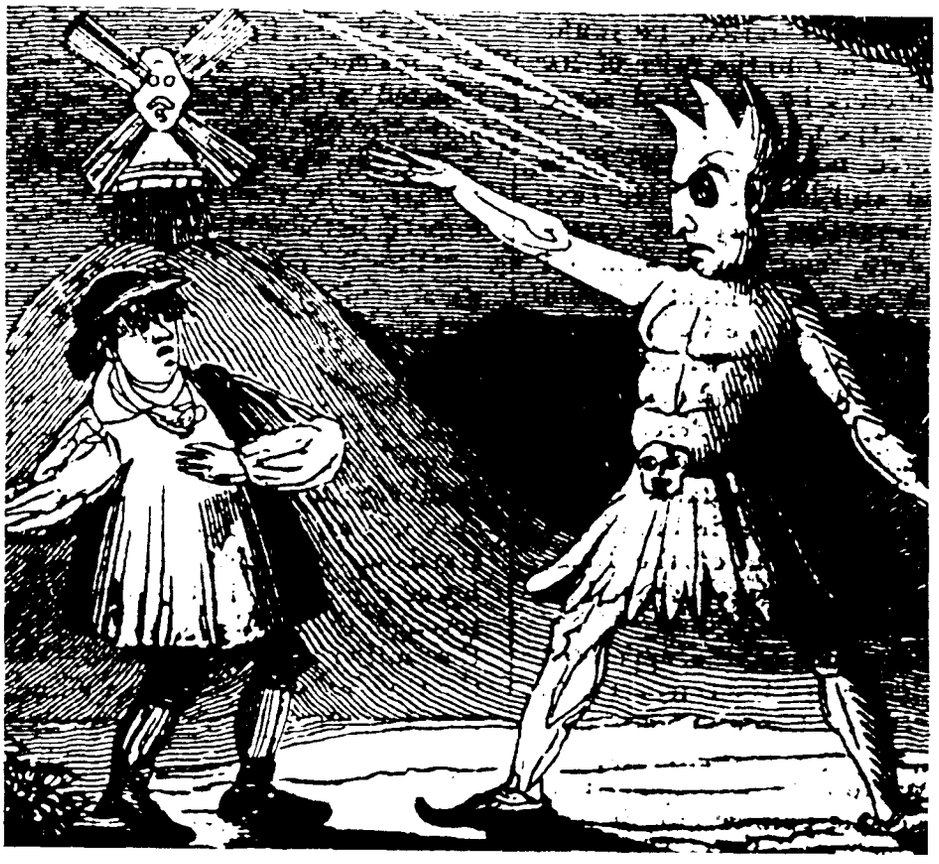

Things that go bump

NICOLAS WALTER finds the case for the paranormal to be not proven

SCIENTIFIC investigation of the paranormal goes back more than 2,500 years, to the comparative test of Greek oracles by Croesus of Lydia in 549 BC; and the ambiguous way Herodotus told that story a century later set the standard for most such work ever since. The modern tradition goes back 200 years, to the first serious tests of meteorites and Mesmerism in France, and the Society for Psychical Research in Britain is celebrating its centenary this year. Yet this is still a dubious area of science, for many reasons. The one emphasised by the researchers and their supporters is that it challenges the basic belief of orthodox scientists and dogmatic sceptics. The one emphasised by most scientists is that its methods and results aren't good enough to prove its assumptions and claims. The one emphasised by many sceptics is that its phenomena are still those of superstition, showmanship and fraud. Various aspects of the problem are illustrated by four pairs of recent books.

Hauntings and Apparitions and *Beyond the Body* are the first two volumes in a series edited by Brian Inglis and published for the SPR. Andrew MacKenzie's subject is one of the main preoccupations of the SPR throughout its existence; Susan Blackmore's is so-called 'Out of the Body Experiences'. His method is to summarise some of the thousands of reports of apparitions in the Society's records, omitting the most embarrassing absurdities; hers is a more recognisably scientific survey of a wider range of research. His conclusion is that at least some apparitions are objective and presumably paranormal events; hers is that all out-of-the-body experiences may be explained as subjective and probably normal events. Inglis accepts his conclusion without comment, but seems rather uncomfortable with hers. The next two volumes in the series will cover mediumship and precognition, and it will be interesting to see how their authors and the editor handle these subjects.

Explaining the Unexplained and *Astrology: Science or Superstition?* are two very different additions to the enormous output of Hans Eysenck. For a long time he has accepted the existence of the paranormal because of the quantity rather than the quality of the evidence for it, and for some time has also accepted certain claims for astrology. He has joined Carl Sargent, an enthusiastic parapsychologist, in producing a popular survey of the paranormal, which resembles Kit Pedler's television series and book last year. Eysenck and Sargent claim to be 'critical, but not sceptical', but the result is a credulous and careless argument in favour of almost every kind of paranormal phenomenon. Eysenck has also joined D. K. B. Nias, with whom he previously wrote a book on sex and violence in the media, in producing a more genuinely critical survey of all kinds of astrological claims. They reject almost everything except so-called 'cosmobiology', as represented by Michel Gauquelin's work on possible connections between the position of planets at the time of birth and certain careers, but they don't give proper consideration to the continuing criticism of Gauquelin in the United States.

Frames of Meaning and *Appearances of the Dead* are more complex books. H. M. Collins and T. J. Pinch are best known for their experiments in Bath on children who claimed to perform paranormal metal-bending but were found to be cheating. However, instead of a straightforward description of their work, they have produced an ambitious discussion of its implications for the sociology and philosophy of science, subtitled 'The Social Construction of Extraordinary Science'. In the tradition of Thomas Kuhn, they emphasise the ideological incompatibility between the paradigms of orthodox science and of parascience, and they comment that they neither know nor care whether paranormal metal-bending is genuine. Since this question is the point of the whole debate, their book is rather pointless, as well as being badly written and produced. R. C. Finucane has produced what his subtitle calls 'A Cultural History of Ghosts', concentrating not so much on the apparitions themselves as on those who witnessed and accepted them, considering the subject as an anthropological rather than a psychological phenomenon, and concluding that 'each epoch has perceived its spectres according to specific sets of expectations'. The only thing wrong with this book is that it is too short.

Paranormal Borderlands of Science and *Science and the Paranormal* are anthologies of critical articles published in the United States, where both belief and disbelief in the paranormal are much more strongly expressed and formally organised than in this country. The Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal was formed there in 1976, and has published its own magazine (called first *The Zetetic* and then *The Skeptical Inquirer*) for nearly six years. Kendrick Frazier, who has been its editor since 1977, has produced a collection of nearly 50

Hauntings and Apparitions by ANDREW MACKENZIE *Heinemann* £8.50
Beyond the Body by SUSAN BLACKMORE *Heinemann* £8.50
Explaining the Unexplained by HANS J. EYSENCK & CARL SARGENT *Weidenfeld* £9.95
Astrology: Science or Superstition? by H. J. EYSENCK & D. K. B. NIAS *Maurice Temple Smith* £7.95
Frames of Meaning by H. M. COLLINS & T. J. PINCH *Routledge* £12.50
Appearances of the Dead by R. C. FINUCANE *Junction Books* £13.50 & £6.50
Paranormal Borderlands of Science edited by KENDRICK FRAZIER *Prometheus Books* £7.45
Science and the Paranormal edited by GEORGE O. ABELL & BARRY SINGER *Junction Books* £8.95

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mainly short items it published between 1976 and 1980. His preface explains his title by distinguishing between 'the frontiers of science', where the important pioneering work is done, and 'the borderlands of science', which is 'the land of pseudo-science, fringe-science, and the paranormal'. George Abell and Barry Singer, who are both members of the Committee and contributors to the other book, have produced a collection of 20 rather longer items by similar (often the same) contributors, dating from 1974 to 1981.

The two books contain general discussions of scientific methodology and knowledge and particular discussions of the application of science to paranormal phenomena and beliefs, and then detailed articles about fringe-science and pseudo-science, numerology, astrology, moon superstition, biorhythms, monsters, plant consciousness, Kirlian photography, extra-terrestrial intelligence, UFOs, Velikovskian cosmology, Dänikenian archaeology, the Bermuda Triangle, life after death, haunting, spiritualism, fairies, dowsing, extra-sensory perception and psycho-kinesis, psychic and magic techniques, and so on. The nearly 60 contributors are critical without being dogmatic, and they are often very funny. Above all they provide a necessary balance to most of the other authors under review.

UNFORTUNATELY there is little common ground or even mutual respect between the defenders and critics of the paranormal, and the atmosphere of their debates tends to resemble religious rather than scientific controversy. Inglis states that the SPR is rational but not 'rationalist', because 'rationalists, in their determination to purge society of its religious and occultist accretions, often failed to draw a distinction between superstitions and the observed phenomena which gave rise to them'; but he ignores the many cases of phenomena claimed to be paranormal which have been exposed only because rationalist critics have been determined to discover the truth. Eysenck and his collaborators frequently sneer at 'sceptics', but similarly ignore the pioneering criticism so often produced by sceptics. Collins and Pinch, despite their declared impartiality about the truth or falsity of the paranormal, show far more emotion in describing the sceptics who have criticised them than in describing the performers who have tried to cheat them. Such reactions miss the points that, when extraordinary claims are made, the onus of proof is on the claimant, and that, until proof is forthcoming, doubt is as reasonable as belief.

No doubt both sides could learn some lessons about the comparative value of light and heat in argument, and meanwhile outsiders will learn useful lessons only by listening to both sides and balancing the strongest claims against the strongest criticisms. Meanwhile, after all that is said in all these eight books, the area remains as dubious as ever. Is there any phenomenon which can really be called paranormal, any faculty which can really be called psychic? We don't seem to have got much further in 200 years, or even in 2,500. □

LITERATURE: Lewis Jones

The iron mask

The Picturesque Prison: Evelyn Waugh and His Writing by JEFFREY HEATH *Weidenfeld* £15.

'I'm not interested in myself,' said Waugh, 'it is these works I make that interest me.' Gilbert Pinfold's novels were 'objects he had made, things quite external to himself'. Jeffrey Heath regards these works, objects or things as the spoor of Waugh's psyche: subjected to 'close reading', he argues, they lead to the man. The appeal of this approach is shown above, albeit at its simplest level; but what prompted Waugh to say the same thing in an interview and a novel was perhaps an idea of its dangers. Art can never be fully explained, and to seek in it a more or less notional raw material (again, at its simplest – 'she was so-and-so in real life'), to attempt to unmake the work, to transmute it back into experience, may be to distort its truth. To view the man in terms of the work may equally be misleading. As Professor Heath acknowledges, some tact is required.

Waugh has been seen before as a prisoner ('The Man in the Iron Mask', someone called him); Professor Heath takes the idea as the emblem of his study. He draws attention to the prisons in Waugh's work, both literal (Blackstone Gaol, Egdon Heath Penal Settlement) and figurative (Brideshead House, Whispering Glades); he argues that Waugh sought refuge in various things – action, art, the Church – and that each failed him, turned out to be a prison.

From the diaries, travel books, letters and so forth, Professor Heath sketches Waugh's life: the precocious, priggish and ambitious schooldays; the unknown debauchery at Oxford; the rackety, social-climbing Twenties; divorce, conversion, travels, marriage, army; the retirement to family life in the country. These are traced in the novels, together with Waugh's pronounced views on taste, ethics and religion (there are remarks in the childhood diaries, such as 'Went to church, struck an awful low one', which might have occurred at any stage). The characters are seen as Waugh's *personae:*

> Although he tried to exorcise them, Paul, Adam, William Boot, Ambrose Silk, and Basil Seal probably remain closer to the essential Waugh than Charles Ryder and Guy Crouchback.

Professor Heath spends four chapters introducing his thesis and describing Waugh's early life; most of the life is taken in conjunction with the works over the next 17 chapters; there follows an epilogue, which considers Waugh's final years.

Christopher Reid

Dark ages

This is our heraldry of dirt:
a dog crappant on a lawn vert.
A supermarket-till cartouche
looping inanely through a bush
must have been threaded by some child.
No civic wall but is defiled
by spraygunned mottoes, jousting cocks –
the clichés of the heterodox.

Stepping warily through the park,
a constable like Joan of Arc
obeys the rasp of airborne voices.
Headscarved old women, breaching buses
like siege-troops, go to their crusades
of shopping in the far arcades.
A bollard and a station-wagon
have met like St George and his dragon.

Wind blows to make the rubbish rage,
impotent in its public cage,
or take tithes from the estate trees.
A page of news enfolds my knees,
supplicating. God bless the fierce,
string-belted mendicant who stares
where someone's frenzied tights and pants,
pegged to a maypole, dance and dance!

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Heath argues that in the novels up to *Work Suspended* Waugh was attacking the laxity of his father's generation and its disastrous effect on his own; that Waugh saw this historically, as the legacy of post-Reformation England, which is, as Professor Heath puts it, 'a hollow caricature of an unseen realm and a bleak parody of the more substantial past'. The didacticism which some critics have failed to detect in the early novels is implicit, he argues, in their style: Waugh's prose embodies the classical virtues of propriety and restraint. He claims that Plant's re-evaluation of his father's art pre-figures the death-bed repentance of Lord Marchmain and the virtual canonisation of Gervase Crouchback; that Waugh's attitude changed with the death of Arthur Waugh and the birth of little Bron. *Brideshead Revisited,* Waugh's only essay in the romantic, lies at the centre of this thesis:

> On a national level, Ryder's return to Catholicism looks forward to the end of the Anglican digression in England. And on a personal level it represents the return of the house of Waugh to the Catholicism of its forefathers; Evelyn Waugh, the right-minded father, supersedes Arthur Waugh, the last of the apostate fathers.

(Ryder does not 'return' to Catholicism; Waugh's forefathers were Anglican clergymen.)

The later novels are curiously described as 'affirmative parodies' of the earlier ones; Waugh takes refuge in a baroque caricature of himself. Responding 'with superiority and intolerance to a world which he saw as a dungeon', he 'built up massive defences; and once settled behind them he couldn't get out again'. In speculating on Waugh's end, Professor Heath changes his academic style for that of a gothic spine-chiller, and the novelist becomes a fictional character:

> By settling at Combe Florey Waugh seems to have thought that he had finally found a refuge that was not also a prison – but in that delusion the master-ironist of the twentieth century fell victim to an irony that even he could not have anticipated.

Waugh ended, according to Professor Heath, as a shadow of his earliest and most shadowy creation, Paul Pennyfeather.

Professor Heath's bio-critical portrait is a convincing one, up to a point. That point is where man and works meet. His book's value lies in its analysis of the development in the novels of a vivid, rigorous and subtle imagination. It contains, as most books do, points that one might quibble over; but I shall not 'be earnest upon Trifles'. Professor Heath disarms more general criticism by noting that 'this is one of many possible books about Waugh'. He might have considered Waugh's style in greater detail, as he founds his argument on certain ideas about it. It might also have been wise not to have pushed the comic spirit of the novels so much into the margin. His treatment of the man is thorough and sympathetic, but slightly unbalanced by his desire for Waugh to act out his fiction. Thus, having based his view of the man on the novels, he constructs for Waugh's unproductive last years, when his quarry eludes him, a fiction of his own of lurid and dubious character. □

HISTORY: John Keegan

Death toll

Dresden 1945: The Devil's Tinderbox by ALEXANDER McKEE *Souvenir Press* £8.95

Alexander McKee specialises in a distinct and most valuable form of contemporary history: the account of key events narrated through the testimony of witnesses and survivors. He has travelled indefatigably to put his many books together, and at least one – *Caen, Anvil of Victory* (Souvenir Press, 1964), the story of a battle in which he fought – has become a minor classic of Second World War historiography.

His latest work is an account of the bombing of Dresden by RAF Bomber Command and the USAAF in February 1945. Nineteen years ago David Irving achieved his first sensation with *The Destruction of Dresden,* in which he levelled what was virtually a charge of war crimes against the RAF in general and Churchill and Sir Arthur 'Bomber' Harris in particular. But he worked chiefly from official documents, his object being to establish that an outrage had taken place and to attribute responsibility for it. The present author is less concerned to name names than to reconstruct the mood in which the raid took place, to explain why the destruction and loss of life in Dresden was so heavy and to record the experience of those who survived. In all these aims he has succeeded, in the last memorably so.

Dresden was one of the jewels of Europe. Capital of the Wettin dynasty, Electors of Saxony, it had been filled by the 17th and 18th century Electors with magnificent buildings and one of the greatest art collections in the world. Long before Berlin was anything more than a provincial town on the Spree, Dresden was a centre of learning, culture and high art in Central Europe. By 1945 it had ceased to be a capital city, of course, but was still a local metropolis and, as the easternmost of Germany's large centres of population (except Breslau, which was to suffer a different doom), had thus far escaped serious bombing. As a result, it was a magnet for the hundreds of thousands of refugees, many of them non-Germans, whom the Russian advance was driving westward. Its population of 650,000 had perhaps doubled in consequence.

It seems now to be accepted that Bomber Command was ordered to undertake its bombing as a means to aid the collapse of the Wehrmacht resistance to the Russian advance; but McKee believes, if he is not able to prove, that such a raid was also seen as a perhaps decisive attack on German civilian morale. The attacks on Berlin in 1943-4 and in particular the bombing of Hamburg in July 1943 were known to have brought morale almost to cracking point. Advocates of the 'area bombing' policy appear to have reckoned that similar treatment meted out to Dresden might collapse Germany from within while its frontiers were yet intact.

That did not come about. But the inhabitants of Dresden, permanent and temporary, nevertheless suffered the torments of hell. Much of the testimony recorded here is almost unbearable to read, and scarcely fit for quotation. In total, its effect on the reader is merely numbing. But certain passages epitomise the whole and are likely to linger for good in the memory. That on the destruction of the Dresden zoo is the most affecting, particularly to members of an animal-loving people like the British.

> The three hippopotamuses were still alive in the inner water basin but they were doomed. The iron debris of the collapsed roof . . . now pinned them underwater. Animals like us, and needing air to breathe, the great beasts struggled fiercely to free themselves, without success; and they drowned . . . Not a single ape could be seen, except the gibbon, who crept out from under a corner. The creature held out its arms to Sailer-Jackson (the English-trained director), who saw that it had no hands, merely stumps . . . The female polar bear, dreadfully burned on the back, covered and protected her two cubs (her first) which she had produced in 1944 . . . She was despatched with a pistol shot. Her cubs could have been reared from the bottle, but as there was no milk in the ruins of Dresden, they died of hunger . . . Some animals escaped, including dangerous animals such as red buffalo and bison [the great cats had been deliberately shot]. These mingled with the crowds fleeing the burning city, and neither species took any notice of each other.

At least 35,000 humans were already dead beneath the ruins. Another 35,000 may have died among the undocumented crowds of refugees. Other estimates go higher. It is not irresponsible to compare the toll with that of Hiroshima, where 71,000 died. Curiously, much of the great art collection survived. □

Among this week's contributors:

NICOLAS WALTER is the editor of *The New Humanist.*

CHRISTOPHER REID's new collection *Pea Soup* will be published by Oxford University Press in September.

JOHN KEEGAN is Senior Lecturer in War Studies at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. His most recent book (with Joseph Darracott) is *The Nature of War* (Cape, 1981).

RICHARD DEVESON works as an editor with the Open University.

DAVID MONTROSE is doing doctoral research at Manchester University.

WILLIAM BOYD's second novel, *An Ice-Cream War*, is due out soon from Hamish Hamilton.

BENEDICT NIGHTINGALE is on holiday. He will be back in three weeks' time.

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FICTION: Marion Glastonbury

Breaking out

I'm Not Stiller by MAX FRISCH *Methuen* £8.95
When Things of the Spirit Come First: Five Early Tales by SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR *Deutsch & Weidenfeld* £6.95

In 1966, when the distinguished Swiss novelist and playwright Max Frisch was fifty-five years old, his mother scolded him for describing women without properly understanding them. It is characteristic of this ironic moralist that he should reveal the rebuke and feel disposed to take it seriously. The possibility of self-knowledge with and through others is his perennial theme. The elusiveness of shared truth torments his protagonists. Increasingly bewildered by love at cross purposes, they retreat into solitude, take stock of the past, and stand condemned by their own memories. In Frisch's latest story 'Blaubart', an ageing doctor, falsely accused of murdering his sixth estranged wife, is acquitted for lack of evidence. 'Bluebeard' escapes calumny only to convict himself. Similarly, the imprisoned narrator in *I'm Not Stiller,* originally published in 1954, denies that he is guilty as charged but confesses to several murders in the name of 'White', an American citizen of German descent.

Only the warder believes him, spellbound by exotic tales of Mexico where the sky belongs to the vultures and the mineral wealth to the United States. No-one else will pay attention. His defence counsel and putative family and friends persist in confusing him with the callous and choleric Stiller, a noted sculptor who betrayed two women by his sudden disappearance from Zürich six years earlier. As the initial mystery is gradually resolved, we are made aware of further perplexities. Court proceedings to set the record straight are clearly a bureaucratic farce; so what *are* the laws of personal relations and where is justice to be found? What do we owe each other in marriage, kinship and common humanity? How much is each one of us worth, and what can we call our own in an age of technical reproduction when, as televiewers, telehearers and teleknowers, we perceive everything at second-hand? Vicarious experience encompasses the globe, and the interior has already been laid bare by Proust, Jung, Kafka and Thomas Mann.

The weight of these giants and their legacy of philosophical and psychological analysis must be borne by their heirs in Europe, interpreters of the human condition who have lost faith in the dignity and coherence of character, and in the romantic pre-eminence of the self. This century has made a mockery of Keats's tenet: 'A man's life of any worth is a continual allegory . . .' Man may be a monster. The individual in literature can no longer hope to represent his kind. According to Saul Bellow, the bearers of the European tradition have cause to envy the unencumbered American writer, a bold primitive, who can dethrone the outmoded fictional ideal of individual significance without a backward glance. Bellow's thesis certainly fits the divided mind of the generic Frisch hero, a martyr to history, socially powerless, trapped in the misconceptions of others, and desperate to save his life by losing it. Accordingly, he plunges into simple stories of the New World, melodrama and burlesque, gangland yarns and jungle adventure, tribal myth and the legend of Rip Van Winkle. These elemental forms, ardent fantasies and popular entertainments, untrammelled by doubt and introspection, have their counterpart in the occasional stark gestures and bursts of energy with which characters try to stop the world when they want to get off. Breaking the endless journey from self-justification to self-censure and back again, the narrator acts on impulse, chooses authenticity, becomes momentarily himself, 'free from the fear of doing the wrong thing'.

The first bout of self-assertion lands him in jail: he has boxed the ear of a customs official who queried his passport. The last blow is directed at Stiller's studio where, in a frenzy of iconoclasm, he smashes the portrait busts of company directors and destroys all that remains of the sculptor's labour. Frisch has worked as an architect, and, in the lyrical memoir 'Montauk', he pays tribute to the craftsmen who have given substance to his thoughts in architecture and the theatre. His novels are more solid, less solipsistic than a summary of their ideas might suggest. A single consciousness contains multitudes: in fathoming it, Frisch evokes the complex reality of a dangerous and enthralling world.

ON REFLECTION he compares his task with the emergence of a snake from its skin. 'But who is going to be interested in this dead skin?' 'Only specialists' must regrettably be the answer in the case of Simone de Beauvoir's early fiction, which remained unpublished in France for over forty years and has now been ponderously translated. In the interval, the material has been put to infinitely better use – documented in *Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter* and analysed in *The Second Sex.* Five young women – schoolgirls, students and teachers, in Paris and the provinces – exemplify the harm done to their generation by the morbid piety of a bourgeois upbringing. They embrace sacrificial ideals, fall for impossible men, bow to convention, renounce independence. Each makes her own respectable bed of nails and has to lie on it. Poor things, between the tyranny of the Church and the satire of the author, they don't stand a chance, having, as characters, no nature beyond the deforming nurture to which they are subjected. Not surprisingly, the pass rate in the existential examination is pitifully low. Only Marguerite gets through: 'The world was shining like a new penny and, although I did not yet know what I wanted to do with it, everything was possible, since there, in the centre of things, in the place that Denis had left empty, I had found myself.' □

BIOGRAPHY: Richard Deveson

Leap of faith

John Henry Newman: His Life and Work by BRIAN MARTIN *Chatto* £8.95

It is difficult for someone without religious belief to know what to ask for from the biography of a priest. The externals of the life, of course; historical context and so forth; influence at the time, influence on, and pre-echoes of, later times. But the essential phenomenon that makes a priest a priest, his religious experience and vocation, is already incomprehensible and remains, in the nature of the case, uncommunicated by whatever is said about it. What does the priest think he knows, one wants to ask; but the most one gets is merely an impression of a personality. Certainly, we know much more about Newman, from his writings, than we do about almost any other priest. But even in his *Apologia pro vita sua,* though we can read the rational, the rationalising, grounds of his belief and can gauge his cast of mind and view of the world, Newman doesn't and can't present directly to us what he means when he says that the being of a God is as certain to him as his own existence.

Brian Martin's short biography deals excellently with the externals, context and influence; he might, perhaps have penetrated further into the personality and cast of mind. The essential, yet unavoidably absent, presentation of the religious experience is a particularly tantalising lack in Newman's case, since what is of special interest about him is, of course, his conversion, where we again want to know the intimate inner quality of apprehension that made it happen. But failing that, personality and cast of mind are the next best thing; and indeed, the non-believer is bound to assume that they are in any case what ultimately explain the conversion. As Newman himself said, '. . . what to one intellect is a proof is not so to another . . . the certainty of a proposition does properly consist in the certitude of the mind that contemplates it.' It is the mind of Newman that Martin doesn't, I think, fully reanimate: its very considerable complexity and need to find syntheses; its search for continuities through change; its reverence for authority.

Martin provides a lot of good pictures, quotes extensively and is commanding on the tergiversations and in-fighting of Tractarians and cardinals. His book can certainly be highly recommended. A pity, though, that there are no booklists or notes. □

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Paperbacks

Marion Glastonbury

Summer exposes most of us to the company of the young: our own or other people's. Thus, the family holiday may be valued as an opportunity for fieldwork – a stint of observer-participation, theory provided by a guided tour of the literature. James Walvin's *A Child's World* (Pelican, £2.95) provides a brisk, well-documented survey of what our ancestors had to endure: the birch at Winchester, the factory thong in Huddersfield; medical remedies more painful than the maladies they failed to cure; jail sentences for twelve-year-olds who dared to run through someone else's grass or bathe in a canal. Queen Victoria confided to the Home Secretary that she 'would like to whip' these 'youthful criminals'.

A more recent hazard, according to Chris Jenks's introduction to *The Sociology of Childhood* (Batsford, £6.95), is 'the social propensity to routinize childhood' as if it were a natural phenomenon that could safely be taken for granted. Not so, for two dozen extracts from American and European authorities, spanning the last three decades, prove the need to 'constitute the child as an ontology in its own right', and show how ideas of childhood fit the different models of social life from which they spring. The choice of material is eclectic, much of it already familiar. Classic statements from Mannheim, Durkheim, Piaget, Erikson and Ariès, lively observation from Margaret Mead and the Opies, sensitive literary analyses from Peter Coveney and James Hillman, and idiosyncratic flourishes from Barthes and Foucault are mixed up with some pretty turgid, unrewarding stuff. □

David Montrose

Neil Jordan's collection of stories, *Night in Tunisia,* won the *Guardian* fiction prize; his first novel *The Past* (Abacus, £2.50) establishes that the dread adjective, promising, no longer applies. The eponymous past is Ireland between 1914 – when the narrator's late mother, Rene Shaughnessy, was born – and 1934, the year of his own birth. The narrator reconstructs his mother's life, from limited and possibly unreliable evidence, in order to discover the identity of his father: was it James Vance, a Protestant photographer, or James's son, Luke? As with Faulkner's *Absalom, Absalom!*, of which this novel is reminiscent, one is unsure how much of the reconstruction is fact, how much conjecture designed to fill blanks. Jordan, fortunately, avoids Faulkner's overblown rhetoric and Gothic trimmings. He writes with muscular refinement, evoking milieux from internecine political rivalries to a provincial tour by third-rate theatricals. Jordan has taken risks with his slow, exegetic manner, which, together with the novel's paucity of incident, does lead to occasional passages where the lyrical meditations drag. *The Past* remains, though, an excellent and assured work.

Gilbert Sorrentino's *Aberration of Starlight* (Marion Boyars, £3.95) set in Depression America, recounts a sequence of events from four perspectives, thereby disclosing their holders' personalities. Marie Recco, an attractive divorcée, has a brief (unconsummated) affair with Tom Thebus, a divorced womaniser. Tom is idolised by Billy, Marie's ten-year-old son, hated by her selfish father. Sorrentino takes the reader inside his characters' heads: memories and fantasies reveal their motivations.

In some places, the novel resembles the Dos Passos of *USA*, in others the Anderson of *Winesburg, Ohio;* the whole, though, bears the unmistakable Sorrentino stamp, demonstrating that he need not indulge in extravagant brilliance – as in *Mulligan Stew,* his previous novel – to show a full hand of techniques and styles. Let's hope that some enterprising house picks up on Sorrentino's early novels unpublished here – especially the much-praised *Imaginative Qualities of Actual Things.* □

Bill Greenwell

Bernard Crick's *George Orwell: A Life* (Penguin, £2.95) is not only virtuous, but a treat to read. Sometimes it's praise to say *I could not put this book down:* the superglue superlative. But the beauty of Crick's book is that one *can* put it down, fritter a week away, and return to its ample pleasures at leisure. He marshals his facts with the obstinate zest of an Eric Partridge, sharing with Partridge that zeal for his readers which checks excesses of style and fancy. Whenever he speculates, he does so openly and entertainingly; when it is better to be tentative, he takes pains to explain his reasons. Orwell's interpreters have often presented him as if he were a case study in schizophrenia – as Dr Blair and Mr Orwell. Crick is having none of this. We are neither dunked into unnecessary summaries of plot, nor plunged into lengthy literary criticism. Instead, here is a scholarly, abrasive presentation of a man who was, as Crick concludes, not merely a preacher of decency and tolerance, but 'as odd in himself and as varied in his friends as man can be'. Like Orwell, Crick has the patient and doughty craft of a Scottish crofter; the style is stout and sturdy, the cloth of the prose is plain and particular. It is very nearly impossible to lavish sufficient praise on this highly articulate, brilliantly articulated piece of work, my choice for rucksack, trunk, matching set of suitcases, or knotted handkerchief, whichever you choose to lug, and wherever you choose to lug it. Also recommended: *The Penguin Complete Lewis Carroll* (an astonishing £3.95) for kids, riddlers and hunters of the Snark; William Trevor's wicked *Other People's Worlds* (King Penguin, £1.95); and the reissued *The Aerodrome,* by Rex Warner (Oxford, £2.95). Its Kafkaesque use of rural England may have you choking on the contents of your hamper, should you find yourself among the buttercups. □

FILMS: John Coleman

Oranges & lemons

The Witness (A) *Gate, Notting Hill*
The Great Dictator (U) *Gate, Bloomsbury*
Buster Keaton Festival *Barbican Cinema One*
Underage *ICA*
Monterey Pop (U) *Screen on the Green*
Grease 2 (A) *Plaza, etc; London release*
Death Vengeance (X) *Warner; Classic, Haymarket; Studio; ABCs Bayswater, Fulham and Edgware Roads*

It is not unknown for Hungarian films to have a career as chequered as their country's history, but Peter Bacso's straight-faced piece of comic surrealism, **The Witness,** surely takes some sort of biscuit. Set back in 1949 and into the Stalinist Fifties, made by Bacso from his own Schweikian script in 1969, it was then firmly sat upon by the thought-police until its emergence just four years ago in Budapest during a retrospective of the writer-director's works. Although he has made another 11 movies since, 'it is still and will remain absolutely my "child" '. Cannes screened it last year and now the Gate have rightly picked it up for our pleasure, rightly since – even for those short of breath when it comes to East European political infighting – this kid proves to carry a wicked, timeless and unmistakable kick.

Pelikan (Ferenc Kallai) is the eternal fall guy, with a knack of landing squarely on his feet when it matters. Decent, stolid, party member and ex-resistance fighter, he is constrained by near-starvation one day to kill Desirée, the family pig. Tipped off, the local militia take him away from his eight children and congenial job as a dam-keeper. From then on, he is in and out of jail like a jack-in-the-box, a sickly and sinister high-up trying him out in a series of posts he magnificently fouls up. (His dog has already peed on one of the white-washed rocks largely spelling out LONG LIVE OUR GREAT WISE LEADER on a hillside.) As a swimming-pool director, Pelikan unwittingly lets the common herd dive in where the leader is paddling in lonely splendour. 'I told you I was ideologically unqualified!' he complains to his mysterious mentor. Undaunted, the fellow springs him from prison to run a people's funfair. Pelikan's refurbished Socialist Ghost Train holds tactless spectres: a grisly tableau entitled 'We Have Nothing To Lose But Our Chains', a big portrait of Our Leader again unamused. Then there is a short spell as manager of a research institute devoted to producing the Hungarian Orange. On celebration day, one of Pelikan's sons has eaten the solitary outcome but the leader is gulled into wincing acceptance of a lemon in lieu.

These set-pieces are jauntily interspersed with written legends, chapter

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Pelikan (bottom left) in trouble again

headings or cartoon-strip carry-overs, leading to the cushioned crunch (the real-life random imprisonments and brain-washings are never defused by the merriment, merely distanced): Pelikan is groomed as chief prosecution witness against an ex-minister and erstwhile buddy (played by the director Zoltan Fabri) whom he had tugged from the river while fishing at the movie's beginning. A bleak hilarity rules as Pelikan is given a prepared script in which catfish have become CIA frogmen; during the rigged trial, he jibs. The condemned cell, then, and a splendid dawn reversal near the gallows. It is the witty-to-farcical treatment of Pelikan's honest botching of job after job that steadily entertains, of the squarest of pegs thrust with bureaucratic idiocy into bottomless holes. But the context is denser, more disturbingly satirical than this might suggest, with former Fascists cynically passing through, a very odd sequence which has Pelikan's house burning down and a new one a-jerrybuilding ('No door? No windows?' mutters Pelikan), broadcast intimations of sexual puritanism, ulcered consciences, a society hammered at by slogans. Only a Hungarian could decipher all its codings: any sentient being can catch its laugh-that-we-may-not-weep drift.

Chaplin's **The Great Dictator,** first released in 1940, is currently on show at the Bloomsbury Gate, where an interesting experiment for these indigent times is being given a whirl: all seats at 99p. If the response is adequate, the cut-price offer will be maintained for other films. Whatever one's feelings about the Little Fellow's approach to such catastrophic bastards as Hitler and Mussolini (my own are that his fulsome ingenuousness borders on the culpable, though there *are* some great 'bits'), this is a classic, *hélas,* and millions have found it good, and anyone who has yet to see it should scurry round to Brunswick Square. Reluctant as I am to add fuel to the Chaplin v. Keaton controversy, my preference is for the brilliant Buster, being done proud at the Barbican during the whole of this month. *The General* and *The Navigator,* of course, so strong recommendations rather to *Steamboat Bill Jr* and *Seven Chances;* and on no account miss the splendidly eerie short *The Boat* (6, 14, 15, 20, 27 August).

The only brand-new film for which a good word seems in order this week is to be found, also throughout the month, as part of a season called 'Teenage Kicks' at the ICA. **Underage,** a 58-minute document about 15-16-year-old kids in Coventry, will be running as the continued accompaniment to some nine British feature films dealing in and with youth. Made by Kim Longinotto, whose Belfast-based *Cross and Passion* I greatly admired at the last London Film Festival, and by Lizzie Lemon, whose headmaster father came up with £30,000, this decidedly grim look at a group of mildly delinquent and desperately resourceless youngsters has raised the predictable hackles, many attached to councillors, in its native city. Ray hates black kids, but he hates his old man more. 'So I'm going on the run.' Apparently he does, for a while. Chris has a couple of convictions for petty theft, drinks himself to on-camera puking, but otherwise appears nice. Tracy is articulate (the girls show less wilfully thick than the boys) and fed up: a boy who screws around is a stud, a girl who does, a slag. There is a great deal of violent talk and one short and brutish pub brawl. Watching and listening to it, I thought, 'yes, but . . .'

And then the sad thought followed that most of the eight teenagers arbitrarily recorded here might well be discovered among those forking out for the appalling vacuities of **Grease 2,** the vigilante immoralities of **Death Vengeance.** Still, if Karl – from *Underage* – could get his head away from the glue-bag for an hour or so, a spruced-up print of Pennebaker's 1968 **Monterey Pop,** with the late Janis Joplin in frenzy, the late Jimi Hendrix auto-critically burning his guitar, and Ravi Shankar stunning on sitar, might even prove a one-off worthwhile experience, vicarious violence at worst, a safer way of blowing your mind at least. □

THEATRE: Christopher Edwards

History play

Danton's Death by GEORG BUCHNER in a version by HOWARD BRENTON *Olivier*
The Winter's Tale by SHAKESPEARE *Barbican*
Macunaima by GRUPO DE TEATRO MACUNAIMA *Riverside*

Howard Brenton was right when, in last week's *NS,* he condemned the false antithesis which results from the reduction of Büchner's passionate critique of the French Revolution into a facile tale of goodies and baddies: Danton as some kind of Gallic Falstaff, a whoring, boozing libertine and therefore 'pro-life', as against the prim, passionless, dogmatic Robespierre, Carlyle's 'sea-green incorruptible'. Clearly this will not do, and Büchner knew better than to try it; he has Danton refer to his own central role in the September massacres – being no mean swallower of formulae himself when the Cause required it – and there was little evidence of a disillusioned Büchner writing a reactionary piece against the Revolution.

All the same, what a self-righteous, pinched little Messiah of blood John Normington succeeds in making Robespierre, and how you warm to Brian Cox's Epicurean grossness, his love of wine, women and good fellowship. Their single confrontation is brief but telling, and ends with Danton reeling out of the chamber, unable to imagine that Robespierre actually believes that no innocent blood, not a drop, has been spilt.

What is so interesting about the study of Danton is not so much his humanity as his existential exhaustion, communicated even when he is in the lap of his mistress. This provided for continuing engagement with a production which, frankly, dragged and sagged over its three hours. Here is one of the great figures of the Revolution, contributing to the disintegration of a society and disintegrating himself. When he knows his turn under the guillotine is approaching the man whose motto was *'l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace'*, hardly raises a finger until it is too late; he is bored by it all, finds it absurd.

Büchner's narrative model was the Shakespearean history play, but Peter Gill does not give you a sense of life teeming through (and out of) a giddy historical moment; in front of Alison Chitty's serviceable but bare mobile wooden slabs the scenes are played out coldly and colourles-

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sly. The bleak uniformity of the staging may say something about the levelling process of the times, but the panoramic sweep, the peaks and troughs which are available in the play, hardly come across. The set-pieces in the courtroom are the great exception, and when Brian Cox's bull-like Danton mounts the platform to rave against St Just, Robespierre and his other calumniators, his fury is intoxicating and even moves the fixed jury, seated at the front of the stage, their backs to the audience. Of course, he has left it too late and his triumph is not enough to save either himself, or regrettably, this disappointing production.

I HAVE never seen Leontes' fit of jealousy played as a form of comic insanity before, but this is how Patrick Stewart does it in Ronald Eyre's production of **The Winter's Tale**. 'What is this. Sport?' Hermione asks her immature prankster of a King. Certainly there is enough sport later in the evening, notably from Geoffrey Hutchings's Autolycus – a top-hatted, moustachioed Victorian fair-ground villain whom Stephen Oliver provides with a number of pastiche ballads, all gratefully exploited by this talented comedian. But what to make of Leontes, whose playful smiles have frozen on his face, whose tongue pokes out involuntarily and whose voice roams up and down the register in petulant complaint? What Stewart succeeds in projecting is the collapse of a self into a series of crazy external gestures, but he sacrifices any sense that this could lead to tragedy.

This lack of seriousness is echoed by Sheila Hancock's Paulina, the King's unremitting voice of conscience and here played up for every available laugh as the inveterate Court scold. Still, what she and Leontes lack in dignity, Gemma Jones's Hermione majestically embodies – both in her trial scene, where she appears shorn and manacled, and particularly in the moving climax where she delays, exquisitely, her descent from the pedestal until it seems that it is only the ethereal recorder music backstage that has charmed life into her.

The Grupo de Teatro, toast of last year's London International Festival of Theatre, return to Hammersmith with their dramatisation of Marion de Andrea's epic comic novel. Macunaima (played by the talented clown Marces Oliveira) is a legendary figure of the Brazilian Indians, an idle, lecherous anti-hero whose kaleidoscopic journey from the innocence of the jungle to the corruption of modern-day Sao Paulo in search of a magic stone, forms the basis of this extravaganza. The actors, using little more than old newspaper, white sheets and an iron bedstead, encompass dancing, anti-clerical satire, farce, nude spectacle and assorted monsters and birds to tell their story; the sheer visual vitality of the show has captivated audiences around the world and for those without Portuguese the spectacle will probably keep attention even when the narrative drifts temporarily out of reach. □

Note: the Brenton version of *Danton's Death* is to be published this month by Methuen at £2.95.

TELEVISION: William Boyd

Story lines

THE NEW series of one-hour plays **All for Love** (Granada) is now two weeks old but, assuming the standards are maintained, I think we can see in it the apotheosis of a television form. Both the plays so far screened illustrated the conventions and criteria to perfection. Both were based on short stories by distinguished practitioners of the craft (Elizabeth Taylor, Francis King), both – honouring the series' title – had something to do with 'love', though in each case it was of an off-beat, sedate kind, and both were cast with leading actors and actresses.

In the first of the series – Elizabeth Taylor's 'A Dedicated Man' – Alec McCowen and Joan Plowright played a middle-aged, shabby-genteel waiter and waitress who, in order to secure a better class of job, pretend to be married but in private observe a chillingly scrupulous reserve. One of the details of their ruse is to invent a son – 'away at school'. The course of the play followed not the growth of affection between the couple but the relationship that springs up between the Joan Plowright character and her imaginary son. The 'son', it turned out, actually existed, though in nothing like the idealised form the woman imagined. When reality intruded the strain proved too much.

Last week's play had an even more ephemeral story line. A young girl, Mona (Deborah Stokes), befriends a reclusive, crusty old army captain (Frank Finlay) who is slowly dying from the effects of mustard gassing in World War I. Her parents find out, her visits are proscribed and she's sent away to work as a maid in a distant rectory. Mona, however, doesn't desert her captain and is at his bedside when he dies.

Slight enough stuff one might think, but in many ways both were ideal television – in a formal sense – and remarkably similar in mood and style. Both were filmed, which always helps, and neither were contemporary: 'A Dedicated Man' was set in the '50s and 'Mona' in the late '30s. Undoubtedly, the period feel contributed to their homogeneity but that can't be the only explanation for the sense of polished perfection that each production exuded; the sense that each play was running confidently along a well-defined track, that – somehow – this was exactly the way they should have been presented.

It will be clear that I haven't talked about enjoyment. Conceivably, some viewers found the plays' quiet progress towards their muted denouements purgatorially dull. This is the danger about reaching peaks: the next step is complacency, followed by a kind of decadence as the form or style imposes its own tyranny and everyone starts unquestioningly making plays in an identical manner. One of the signs that such a turning point has been reached (and this – wild generalisation – applies to any art form) is the ease with which a parody can be visualised. Take a vague theme – love, jealousy, the past – find a sensitive short story on the same theme, cast it with some big names, set it to reedy plangent music, stretch out the whole frail construct as far as it will go, and Bob's your uncle.

The danger doesn't lie in the style or direction – both of which seem to me to be consistently admirable – but rather, as is usually the case, in the material. The short story is an appealing artefact when it comes to transferring the written word to the screen: limited characters, confined time scale, short on narrative, tight focus and, if it's any good, allusiveness and reverberation that extend beyond the boundaries of the text. But a ten-page story isn't like an hour-long play. Describing a character's room in a story may take three paragraphs and make a vital contribution to the whole. On TV this can be achieved in a matter of seconds. How then to reduplicate the story's sensitive and metaphorical attention to detail? Answer: lots of clever shots, cross cutting, silent close-ups, 'meaningful glances' and other photographic digs in the ribs. Both these plays showed signs of suffering from the malaise: long sequences of McCowen and Plowright waiting at table, a lot of looking out of the window in Mona. But they were only intimations of mortality; the descent into decadence, on this showing, is still some way off.

Another transference from print to screen, but this time achieved with almost exact literalness, is **Jane** (BBC-2), a TV version of the *Mirror's* famous strip cartoon. The cartoon background, captions and divisions are reproduced, the only 'moving parts' being the actors and actresses, superimposed on the drawings which we even 'read' from left to right. It's not only faithful to the look of the original but also to the good fun spirit and curiously innocent sauciness, with appalling jokes, simple-minded story and a marvellous excuse for outrageous hamming from the actors. Clever technical trickery and an interesting experiment but it's hard to imagine viewers regularly tuning in each night for a fresh instalment.

The 'actor's documentary,' a tricky subgenre pioneered by Kenneth Griffiths, has a new and very capable practitioner in Robert Hardy, here essaying his second on **Gordon of Khartoum** (BBC-1). There's something to be said for allowing the presenter of a documentary in front of the cameras, rather than simply resorting to the traditional voice-over, in that genuine enthusiasm and interest easily communicate themselves and are happily infectious. Hardy's enthusiasm couldn't be called in question as he energetically pursued the eccentric career of this Victorian hero who seemed as patently weird (passionately religious, alcoholic, celibate, manic-depressive) as he was brave and determined. But as the programme went on Hardy's own presence began to take over from that of the ostensible subject; the actor in Hardy even prompting him to read his own script as if he were ad-libbing it, full of 'umms' and 'ahs' and fake reflective pauses. Entertaining stuff nonetheless, but my image of General Gordon (vague beforehand) is now inextricably confused with that of Robert Hardy. □

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MUSIC: Andrew Clements

A tendency to excess

FOUR of the six new works at the Proms this year carry the title of 'symphony' or 'sinfonia'. Whether this reveals the predilections of those who plan the programmes or uncovers a new vein of thought among British composers, a reaction against the constructivist forms of the *avant-garde* of the last quarter century, I'm not sure. But what surely will be the most ambitious, most expansive, of the four works was the first to be premiered – **Hugh Wood's Symphony**, which Rozdhestvensky and the BBC Symphony Orchestra introduced two weeks ago. Wood reached 50 last month, an anniversary that went largely unmarked by press and concert promoters save for this BBC commission and a performance of its predecessor, the third string quartet, by the Chilingirian Quartet in the Wigmore Hall. That the symphony was his first, and his first new work for four years, is some measure of his painstaking working methods and of the effort of shaping its materials into digestible coherent form.

Wood began his composing as an ardent Schoenbergian, writing strict 12-note pieces. He remained largely indifferent to the developments of post-war serialism that were taken up with more relish by his (fractionally younger) contemporaries of the Manchester group. Through a series of large-scale pieces – the vocal *Scenes from Comus*, concertos for violin and cello, three string quartets – he explored and refined that essentially conservative language up to the point at which strict techniques were jettisoned in favour of a way of construction emphasising smaller groups of pitches within a framework that preserves the possibility for long-range tonal planning. That manipulation of small sets of notes is heard throughout the symphony, from the timpani explosions of the opening bars. It is difficult to escape the thought that there in this demanding, 45-minute work is a major statement of language and intent, a taking of stock in mid-career.

The archetypes press heavily upon the work. The symphony follows a familiar four-movement plan with the *scherzo* placed third, save that the finale is a *passacaglia* (the spectre of Brahms haunts more than one corner of the work) and that there is only one break, between the second and third movements. That the score is dedicated to Alexander Goehr, Wood's colleague in the music faculty at Cambridge University, seems to me more than usually significant, for both composers have been involved in attempts to loosen up the constraints upon their music, to find a means of expression that is more direct. The points of contact between Wood's Symphony and Goehr's recent *Deux Etudes* for orchestra (to be heard at the Proms on 1 September) are striking; both feel the heritage of the 19th-century symphony to be still relevant, a heritage that they share with Schoenberg. More elliptical, more intriguing are the quotations that Wood buries in his work; the most obvious are from *Tristan and Isolde* in the first movement, when the torrential violence of the music subsides to admit the quote on a handful of strings, and from the processional march in *The Magic Flute* in the second, slow movement. They suggest an autobiographical layer that remains undisclosed.

The problem that Wood sets himself, and which I am not certain he manages to solve, is how to control these elements. There are moments when it seems as if the material has taken charge, when the music threatens to run amok, fuelling its own violence. It is the first and last movements that overdo things most drastically, to the extent of endangering the credibility of the entire achievement. The violence that the opening drum strokes set off hardly lets up until the *Tristan* remembrance defuses some of the tension, and the variations of the final passacaglia progressively raise the temperature so unmercifully that the grinding, repeated chords at the end of the work seem only disastrously rhetorical. The tendency to excess – one hesitates to describe it as self-indulgence for the emotional world of the symphony is otherwise so strictly ordered – is unfortunate, for there is much here to reward repeated listening. It is easy to be drawn into the development of this music; disentangling its intricate webs of motif is a rewarding process. But the admirer of Wood's music does not need its message rammed so firmly down his throat, and anyone coming to him afresh would find such force-feeding even more unacceptable.

The following evening, the Scottish Chamber Orchestra under Roderick Brydon brought another new work to the Proms, in the shape of **Iain Hamilton's Third Symphony.** The contrast between Wood's striving, anxious music and the comfortable blandness of Hamilton could hardly have been more pointed. Where Wood was clearly writing up to the very limits of his techniques and range of expression, Hamilton's symphony gives the impression of costing little emotional effort; certainly it breaks no new ground. Indeed its only hint of strength is in its title, 'Symphony no. 3 in G'; the signalling of a key could nowadays be regarded as an act of defiance. Yet these four ambling movements, written for an orchestra of classical proportions without percussion or heavy brass, really do go in one ear and straight out of the other. Once upon a time Hamilton was a moderately advanced composer; his retreat into undemanding lyricism, celebrated so longingly in the opera *Anna Karenina* heard at the Coliseum two seasons ago, seems to have brought with it numbing complacency. □

NEW STATESMAN INDEX

The index to Vol. 102 (July-December 1981) is now available, price £1.25 post free, from the publisher

10 Great Turnstile
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DANCE: Stephanie Jordan

Clear shapes

BENEATH the Battersea Park Big Top, the first **Royal Ballet** season for five years is typified by adroit, colourful entertainment, a hearty diet of favourites, and a comfortable, informal family atmosphere. Reinforcing that feeling is **Ballet Rambert,** in the tent for the first time, dedicating its season to its founder Marie Rambert who died this year.

Two new works by Richard Alston do not fit this scheme. Each new Alston piece is gently shocking and unsettling, the product of an unusually exploratory mind, while including references to his previous work, exposing a new problem. The novelty of *Apollo Distraught* is its unashamedly dramatic content, enriched with jumbled versions of well-known images, we presume, by sexual role reversal, a female Apollo (Catherine Becque), three male Muses, a group of six girls who could be acolytes or a Greek chorus and references to Balanchine's famous 1928 *Apollo*. The unspecified distraction may illustrate an obscure part of the Apollonian plexus and there is a hint of Chirico's deposed deities among columns and symmetrical landscapes.

Like the music of Nigel Osborne's *Flute Concerto* to which it is set, the dance is both containment and outburst, balance and imbalance, in three sections. A restless female group in white tunics is controlled by Apollo who fixes them behind her in firm lines. To the central slow movement, three men in shorts and T-shirts glide in, deliberate and unanimous. Calmly, they shape a series of mobile and immobile tableaux, usually sequential, the lines staggered, the famous fan of arabesques from the Balanchine work incorporated. In the third section, the men lift and support Apollo, but their harmonious quartet is broken apart more than once by the chorus, now recharged and highly active. Order destroyed, Apollo is finally left stranded by both her girls and her 'Muses'. Candida Cook's costumes, an uncanny cross between Grecian dress and Fiorucci, and Peter Mumford's stark backdrop stress classical balance. But the dancing women often appear unstable and intense, the dramatic overtones sinister; there are incongruities as if some bleak magic is at work. Much more than in the Alston style of a year back, the motion here is end-stopped and bound.

But recently, Alston has been delving deep into the clear shapes of classical ballet vocabulary, obvious in the little duet *Fantasie* that preceded *Apollo*. Using Mozart's *Fantasia in D minor K.397*, Alston sets Francis Carty and Paul Melis in friendly statement and answer, meeting and parting, in doublework, or side by side in unison. The work rotates boldly round the stage and articulates some of the musical gestures eloquently and exactly as in Alston's other Mozart piece, *Night Music*. The reiterated beginning is unhappily sticky and restricted, and if the academic

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sticky and restricted, and if the academic basis is kind to Melis, it does not suit Carty, in her blue and white frump dress. But *Fantasie* is too well-made for relegation to the rehearsal room. To the technically-minded, an important choreographer's unsolved problems can prove as instructive as his successes.

The second of three BR programmes saw the London premiere of *Pribaoutki*, Robert North's tribute to Stravinsky and Picasso, linked here, he tells us, because of their shared predilection for 'bizarre juxtaposition' and because they liked to 'distort, magnify and take things apart'. North introduces his own deliberately illogical series of stories and cameos, using the familiar personalia and animalia of Picasso and the music of Stravinsky, represented here in his settings of Russian popular texts (with singer Nicole Tibbels frequently participating in the action), interspersed with *Three Pieces for String Quartet*, both written in 1914. Episodes include a *Folk Tale* (a version of *Beauty and the Beast*), an ingenious and thrilling *Battle of Love* between a young girl (Becque) and a minotaur (Robert North himself), a maternal Night figure, a depiction of Picasso's jolly trio of Cubist minstrels who burst out of their frame into a series of manic huddles and who later doff their masks to become Blue Period *saltimbanques*. All these dances are brief and economical, dovetailing each other swiftly as figures disappear or pop out from behind costumes or movable screens. The designs by Andrew Storer are delightfully fresh pastiches of Picasso; indeed the piece seems more his than Stravinsky's.

Occasionally, as in the final ensemble, North's initial idea is good, but his choreographic enlargement disappoints. It is superficial, certainly a mere glance at these masters, but full of charm and wit.

The season continues with performance standards higher than ever, especially improved Paul Taylor's *Airs* and Alston's *Night Music*, no longer saccharine, but bright and vigorous, now that its original fast tempo has been regained. Even the excesses of Christopher Bruce's *Berlin Requiem*, the ghoulish predictabilities of his *Ghost Dances* and the slightness of North's *Lonely Town, Lonely Street* are mitigated by Rambert's high musical standards and assured dancing.

WHILE offering the public plenty of opportunity to see principal dancers and burgeoning young talent, the RB presented only one London premiere, for the familiar partnership of Merle Park and David Wall, Derek Deane's showy *Pas de deux Villa d'Este*. This is set to Liszt's proto-impressionistic depiction of the fountains there, performed prosaically on stage by Philip Gammon, the turning and circling and awkward if ingenious lifts and freezes executed in heroic style. Anthony Dowell has dressed up two ochre all-in-ones with fragments of ragged drapery. Park makes much of this serviceable, crafted, yet rather unmusical duet. It is hard to comment on Wall's role, except that he is a perfectly admirable *porteur*. The programme note suggests that Deane has a penchant for 'gala' numbers. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2731 **Set by May Day**

'Dear Bill' letters (120 words max) from Mrs T to an imaginary crony – 'Dear Myrtle', perhaps.

No 2728 **Set by P. Kay**

The intruder in the Queen's bedroom: who might it have been, and what was he or she doing there? We asked for extracts from their conversation.

Report **By Clive Tolstoy**

So many Pinteresque entries (blokes trying to get to Sidcup), and many in doubtful taste. Who was it suggested the intruder was a member of the *Sunday Times* Insight team? My own view is that 'Michael Fagan' was none other than our own Jeff Squiffy out on the tiles: he's been looking rather shifty of late, whilst displaying a tendency to burst into unaccountable fits of the giggles. Iron dukes to those printed.

Man: Whoops! Hello, darling. Lost my room key, no night porter, must've taken the wrong staircase. Doors looked similar. *(Looks around)* Blimey, nice set of trinkets you got. What you done, lifted the crown jewels? I bet this lot set you back a bob or two.
Queen: Are you aware to whom you speak?
Man: Er, I give up.
Queen: Elizabeth Dei Gratia Regina.
Man: Ha, ha, penny for your thoughts! Bet they all say that. What are you, Spanish? – to coin a phrase!
Queen: I am the Queen.
Man: Oh yeah. And I'm the commander of Starship Enterprise. Give us a kiss.

BILL GREENWELL

'I beg your pardon?'
'Rodent operator, Madam.'
'It's seven o'clock in the morning!'
'Rodents don't take no notice of time, Madam. Can't get up too early for them.'
'Do you realise who I am?'
'No respecter of persons, rodents, Madam. Where's the larder?'
'This is a bedroom.'
'Ticket here doesn't state separate kitchen. Bedsitter, ticket says, see?'
'This isn't Buckingham Road, this is Buckingham Palace.'
'Oh.'
'And I am the Queen.'
'You haven't any rodents, then?'
'Only courtiers. I suggest you try Fleet Street.'
'Got rodents there, have they?'
'Lots.'
'Thank you, Madam.'

T. GRIFFITHS

Intruder: (urging pen forward) So if you could just sign. Here. And here.
Queen: (cautiously) Let me get a few details straight first. I'm rather out of training for a football tour.
Intruder: Don't worry! It's the Big Name we want. You know: 'Palace Striker Signs for Mystery Tour!' Besides, these days a lot of players look quite impressive without actually touching the ball.
Queen: But South Africa? Won't there be protests?
Intruder: (tapping nose) Depends. With South Africa some people get castigated, others get OBEs. Depends what can be wangled. Leave that to me.

N. J. WARBURTON

Who are you? Take those revolting things off my bedside table!
Come on, love – you might at least *pretend* to be asleep.
Why?
Why? Look, love. I've been winched up the Post Office Tower, pushed off the top on a hang glider, crashed into a mike boom under Admiralty Arch, got stuck on those damned spikes on your wall, bitten by a corgi, propositioned by a security man and endlessly sworn at by the director. I've done sixteen retakes and the make-up girl is having a nervous breakdown and now you tell me you don't like Milk Tray. Shit!

ALISON PRINCE

TAKING PART

John McVicar

Love me love my Honda

FOR THE LAST three years now my annual 15,000 miles of travel has been done in what is now a five-year-old Honda Civic. During my tenure, I've had extras fitted like a soft-top sunroof and, pride of pride, the best Pioneer radio-cassette available. The sound system cost a bomb and turned the car into one of those travelling discos that can increasingly be seen and heard vibrating along our roads. Like most people who customise their cars, I had my ego invested in it.

I had no qualms about driving to Spain for this year's World Cup. I do the routine maintenance myself and I felt confident about handling any likely problems. Indeed, the way I identify with the car makes taking precautions against breakdowns, like buying car rescue insurance, almost a form of betrayal.

Passing through Aragon on the drive back to England, the water pump went on me. The car overheated and I blew a head gasket as well. The first good samaritans on the scene were a couple of gun-toting Spanish traffic cops in a Land Rover. Amazingly, instead of just calling up a breakdown service, they towed me about 20 kilometres to the nearest garage which would be likely to take on a Honda. There, they organised the top house mechanic to look at the car, while we retired for a drink.

On the way to the bar, I crumpled up two 5,000 peseta notes (about £11) in my hand and embarrassingly palmed them to one of the cops while muttering stuff like, *'Muchas gracias; biena hombres'*. My pidgin Spanish is embarrassing enough but what I was really ashamed of was the paltry sum I was offering for all the help they'd given me. The way his hand shrank back from the money, though, you'd have thought I'd tried to bribe him in front of his superiors. I couldn't understand what he said but it was probably something along the lines that these things may go in your country but in Spain . . . In the end they

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settled for two large Bacardi and cokes.

The mechanic fixed the water pump but could do nothing about the gasket. However, he said I'd be able to limp the 50 kilometres into the nearest big town. I made it into Zaragoza by evening, found a hotel for the night and in the morning got a garage to tow in the by now unstartable car. Eventually, through an interpreter, the service manager told me that, with no Honda agents in Spain, the parts would have to come from abroad, the job would take a week and cost about £100.

Commitments in England and the expense of actually shopping around for another garage meant that I had to accept his offer. But even when they're cheating me, I can't hold my end up with people like that. Other experts like doctors and barristers don't throw me at all and with authority figures I'm completely irreverent, but with mechanics I have no dignity. I grovel. On this occasion, the language barrier only added to my awe and if he'd said £500 I'd have accepted. By mid-afternoon I was trundling back to Barcelona in one of those Spanish express trains which never go above 40mph. Another night in a hotel and the next day I was on a flight to Heathrow which cost me roughly twice what you can get a return charter for if you shop around.

A month later, after working my arse off to earn the money and learning some rudimentary Spanish, I was back on a plane to Barcelona to pick up my car and take another week's holiday. Off the plane and straight onto a train to Zaragoza – five hours later, I was paying for the repairs to the Honda. On the drive back to Barcelona, listening along with half the Spanish countryside to my sounds and soaking up the sun through my open roof, I was a reasonably happy man. So far the breakdown had cost me about £300 but *c'est la vie* . . . Then just outside Barcelona the water pump went again and my world turned into a malevolent nightmare. I tanked up with water cans, waited until the heat of afternoon died and crept into town, terrified that I'd blow the gasket again.

I found a room for the night, then in the morning I unbolted the pump and trailed round Barcelona until I found a mechanic moved enough by my sad tale and intrigued by the challenge of the water pump to try to bodge it. He did. Next morning I limped across the border, and by midday I was fitting a new water pump outside Perpignan's Honda agent. Soon I was back in the thick of the tear-up on the autoroute.

About another 100 miles on, without any warning the engine went on me, losing power, knocking and finally seizing. I waited hours for a breakdown truck, then I was dumped unceremoniously outside Valence's Honda agent. In the morning, I stood before the service manager going through the same act that I had in Spain a month previously. My pidgin French drew none of the indulgence my Spanish had and this was compounded by my bedraggled appearance which suggested, quite accurately, that I was no longer a paying member of the human race.

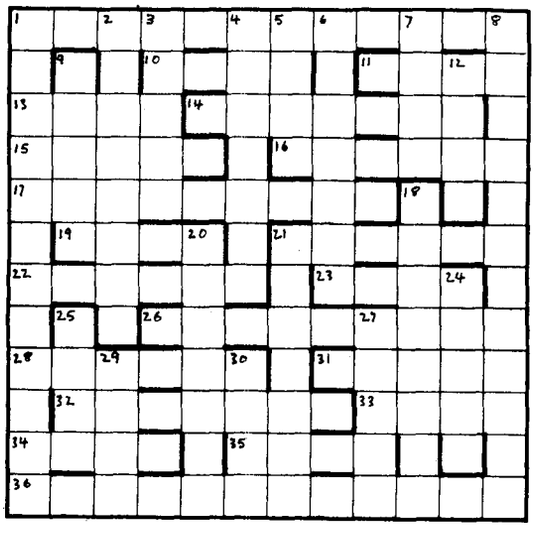
After a cursory look at the engine he guillotined the air and said, '*Kaput. Moteur kaput*'. He bustled back into the service bay with me trailing behind like an abandoned dog. After he'd attended to some other business, he phoned a woman at the local tourist office and explained through her that the car needed a new engine, it would cost 7-8000 francs which was more than the car was worth, and it would take at least a month.

I found a corner to curl up in and started pump-priming the self-pity. Then I remembered the old gambling maxim: chase your wins, never your losses. I'd *already* spent more than the car was worth trying to retrieve it. Our identities were so closely merged I couldn't make an objective reckoning. So the Honda stayed in France. On the journey back I consoled myself with the thought that whatever I lost would be amply covered by never investing my ego in a car again. □

Salamanca 58

'Time for a Change?'

PRIZES: £25 cheques for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 58, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 31 August.



(Whereas it is patently clear that some changes are needed to effect a solution solvers should not assume that this is necessarily the answer to every problem!)
(Thanks to C. L.)

Name_____

Address_____

_____

_____

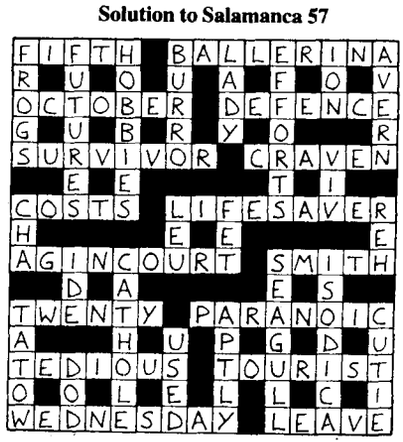
ACROSS

1 Tables and chairs are made from this? No sir (12)
10 Backward female rustic in Scotland (4)
11 Inside every Persian myth? Look there and you'll see one (4)
13 Be it hard to ring London, you should have made *this* call (4)
14 Study signal you need to transmit (7)
15 Gosh, the top *must* be a D! Who do I mean? (This is a complimentary offering!) (5)
16 See swell of this tropical bean (6)
17 Bird disguised in unusual apparel – oh? (9)
19 Of silver 'eaded extremes (4)
21 I untie knots appearing in russet cloth when half's folded over (6)
22 Smart, it's set round about centre of chest? (6)
23 Knocks against studies of criminals (4)
26 Am silent, involved with head in meditation – using this process (9)
28 Princes forming swaraj, not weak but hard (6)
31 One's collecting data initially flying round (5)
32 Curve created by loci man's to work out (7)
33 Roughly into pieces torn at the start of two lessons? (4)
34 Who'll 'abitually visit? (4)
35 You'll see them in two shortly – either piece is? (4)
36 This and electricity don't go together – don't concur, having no fusing (12)

DOWN

1 One can't lie with a rib, favouring this order (12)
2 Duelling-sword novice charges wildly with (8)
3 Puree, long kept in hold, decaying (5)
4 One rod in grate (7)
5 Does this and libido's lacking one act (4)
6 Blue-ish form of transport (7)
7 Rules, for example, in place of rubber (4)
8 Always found around a river with ice on it, I measure lost moisture (12)
9 Commotion in house round hall, too much for Mac (5)
12 Destroys fragments of intended objects (4)
18 Plain – it's awkward for a mountaineer (8)
20 Conservative head of House I'd read about worriedly (7)
21 Happened to have time sleeping? (7)
24 Plain cake, see, one's cooked, that's round (5)
25 Jungle no-good, having a high time mostly, as all can see (4)
27 Corslet one set out for special tailoring (5)
29 Spirit, say (4)
30 Mud and stone if square and long are black (4)

Solution to Salamanca 57



NB 21 Smith, crisp manuf., Ian S. Rhodesia, him & St. anag.l & cf. (shop = shoe) smith!

Prizewinners to Salamanca 57

M. J. Bailey (Tetsworth)
John Eggeling (London)
W. Haydn Perkins (Goring-by-Sea)

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Applicants must be prepared to work outside normal office hours and be able to develop effective community facilities and possess an aptitude for organisation and administration. The ability to communicate both orally and in writing and be capable of establishing and maintaining good relations with outside organisations, the media and members of the public is more essential than possession of formal qualifications.

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FRI 6 AUGUST

GREENOCK. Hiroshima Day Vigil on Lyle Hill overlooking Holy Loch. Tel. **0475-22230.**
LONDON WC1. Hiroshima Day ceremony. Assemble 12 noon by Peace Cherry Tree, Tavistock Sq. Org. by Camden CND. Spkrs. inc. Billie Whitelaw, Prof. Sir John Humphrey, Marie Patterson.
LONDON SW1. 6-14 AUG. 'The Joy of Mooching' featuring 20 bands, guest MCs and surprise attractions. 7.30 p.m. £3. ICA, The Mall. Tel. **01-930 3647.**
LONDON SW1. Bombay Film Season until 11 Aug. Box Office **01-930 3647.** ICA, The Mall.
LONDON WC1. 'Witchhunt in the Labour Party!' Spartacist League Public Meeting. 7.30 pm. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square.
SHEFFIELD. Spartacist League Public Meeting. 7.30 pm. Station Hotel, The Wicker.

SAT 7 AUGUST

GREENOCK. Peace March & Rally. From Wellpark to Battery Park. 11am. Tel. **0475 22230.**
MANCHESTER. "Between the Bombs". Peace Festival with Music, Drama, Workshops. Speakers. Manchester Cathedral.
LIVERPOOL. Day of remembrance for Hiroshima/-Nagasaki. 11-4 pm. Exhibition, service, discussion. Friends Meeting House, 65 Paradise St.
CARLISLE. Hiroshima Day rally. Spkrs.: Ian McKellen, Annajoy David, Jenny Hartland, Joan Maynard. 11.30 am. Market Cross. Tel: **0498 81587.**
LONDON SW1. Film 'The Incredible Hulk' (USA 1978) £1.25. ICA, The Mall. Tel: **01-930 3647.**

SUN 8 AUGUST

LONDON SW2. Cherry Tree ceremony to mark anniversaries of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Assemble 11.45. St Matthews' Meeting Place, Brixton Hill. Tel: **01-670 3796.**
COVENTRY. Peace Picnic to commemorate Hiroshima/Nagasaki. Speakers, music, stalls, etc. 2 pm-5 pm. Spencer Park. Tel: **0203 711581.**
BRIGHTON. Film & Psychosnalysis – screenings/discussions. 7 pm. Hanover Centre, Southover St. £1.50 (£1 u/w).

TUES 10 AUGUST

LONDON SW1. Rock Video: Promos. 6.30 pm–Black Music. 8.30 pm–Grace Jones. £1.25 each. ICA, The Mall. **01-930 3647.**

WED 11 AUGUST

11 AUGUST to 17 SEP., BIRMINGHAM. Exhibition – RODIN and his Contemporaries. Includes 'The Thinker'. Museum & Art Gallery, Chamberlain Square. Tel. **021-235 2834.** Free.
LONDON W1. London END meeting. 7 pm. in the Vestry, St. James' Church, Piccadilly.
LONDON SW1. 11-12 Aug. Films 'Underage' & 'Bronco Bullfrog' (UK 1982 & 1970). £2.50. ICA, The Mall. **01-930 3647.**

THURS 12 AUGUST

GLOSSOP, DERBYSHIRE. public meeting of El Salvador Solidarity Campaign. 7.30 p.m. The 'Star Inn', Nr. Station.
LONDON SW1. From 12 Aug. Films – 'The Colour of Pomegranates' (USSR 1969) £2.50. 'Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors' (USSR 1964) £2.50. ICA, The Mall. **01-930 3647.**

FORTHCOMING

18 AUGUST, LONDON SW1. 'Labour and the House of Lords' – Reg Underhill. Central London Fabian Soc., 11 Dartmouth St. 7.30 p.m.
21-22 AUGUST, ALFRISTON, SUSSEX. S.E. England Cider & Beer Festival. London ales and Ciders from S.E. England. Noon-6 pm. £2.50. English Wine Centre, Drusillas Corner. **0323 870532.**
22 AUGUST, FARNHAM, SURREY. William Cobbett Society organising expedition to retrace Rural Rides, Hants-Surrey border. Details: Secretary, The Museum, West St.
26-27 AUGUST, EDINBURGH. Radio Meeting Challenges: 3rd Annual Edinburgh International Radio Festival. Contact Jamie Jauncey on 0672 810034 or **01-439 9756.**
28 AUGUST, PORTSMOUTH. Radio Victory Free Folk and Ceelidh in the Guildhall Square. Features Maddy Prior. Tel. **0705-834184.**
28-29 AUGUST, 4-5 SEPT. Krishnamurti speaks at Brockwood Park, Bramdean, Nr. Alresford, Hants. Q&A meetings 31 Aug., 2 Sept.
AUGUST, NIGHTLY. LONDON SW13. Live Jazz at the 'Bulls Head', Lonsdale Road.
1 SEPTEMBER. LONDON SW1. 'Euro-elections' – Richard Balfe, MEP. Cent Lond. Fabian Soc. County Hall. 7.30 p.m.
3-5 SEPTEMBER. HERTS. CND Campaign Training Skills Weekend. £7. Canon Frome, Ledbury. Details: **0272 513631.**
4-5 SEPTEMBER. ALFRISTON, SUSSEX. English Vineyard Wine Festival. Noon-6 pm. £3. English Wine Centre, Drusillas Corner. **0323 870532.**
4-8 SEPTEMBER. LONDON to BRIGHTON – Workers March Against Racism from Brick Lane to TUC Conference in Brighton. Details **01-274 3951. W.A.R.**
6 SEPTEMBER. LONDON W1. 'Ladies and Nurses in the Crimean War.' History Workshop Seminar. 6.45pm. Upstairs at the Black Horse, 6 Rathbone Place.
10-12 SEPTEMBER. MATLOCK. Conference – 'The Politics of Information.' Spkrs.: Phillip Whitehead MP., Peter Hennessey, David McKie, Prof. Anthony King, Dr Tony Barker. Details: Politics Association, 14 Wakefield Close, Strood, Rochester, Kent.
14 SEPTEMBER. LONDON W12. W.E.A. Course, "The Personal and the Political". 10 weeks, Tuesdays from 14 Sept. 6.30 pm. Project Enterprise, 23 Askew Cres.
15 SEPTEMBER. LONDON WC1. 'Tribune Today' – Jon Lansman. Cent. Lond. Fabian Soc. Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place. 7.30 p.m.
17-19 SEPTEMBER. SHEFFIELD. A.C.W. Conference – 'Community Health Issues'. 60 workshops. Food, accommodation, creche, entertainment. Details: Victoria Grandon **0742 77870.**
25 SEPTEMBER. MANCHESTER. 'Foreign Policy Implications of British Nuclear Disarmament', Dayshool at Withington Adult Education Centre, Mauldeth Rd., M14. 10am-4pm. Details: 59 Tintern Ave., Manchester M20 8ND.
1 OCTOBER. LONDONDERRY. Goldsmiths' Holography Workshop. A touring show of Holograms opens at the Orchard Gallery. Details: **01-733 3716.**
4 OCTOBER. LONDON W1. 'A Social Democratic Interpretation of History' – Peter Clarke. History Workshop seminar. 6.45 p.m., Upstairs at the 'Black Horse', 6 Rathbone Place.
6 OCTOBER. LONDON WC1. 'Labour after Conference' – Reg Race MP. Central Lond. Fabian Soc. 7.30 pm. Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place.
15-17 OCTOBER. LONDON. 2nd Women & Computing Conference. Details: **01-439 4242,** ext. 101.
20 OCTOBER. LONDON SW1. 'Labour Campaign for Electoral Reform' – Austin Mitchell MP. Central Lond. Fabian Soc., 7.30 pm. 11 Dartmouth St.
23 OCTOBER. Conference – "Bringing It All Back Home: Black and Immigrant Women Speak Out and Claim Our Rights." Details: **01-837 7509.**
30 OCTOBER. WEMBLEY. International Conference on Active Birth. Details: Active Birth Movement, 32 Cholmeley Crescent, London N6 5JR. Tel: **01-348 4636.**
1 NOVEMBER. LONDON W1. Aspects of Feminism in the early Christian Centuries' – Judith Herrin. History Workshop Seminar, Upstairs, 'Black Horse,' 6 Rathbone Place.

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Guys and Dolls', 'Denton's Death'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'Uncle Vanya', 'Way Upstream'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'The Prince of Homburg', 'The Caucasian Chalk Circle', 'The Beggar's Opera'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

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Meetings

SATURDAY, 7 AUGUST. *A Muse From Nowhere* – An Evening of words and music. 7.30pm. The Prince Albert Pub, Wharfdale Road, Kings Cross, London N1. Admission Free. Organised by The Socialist Party of Great Britain.

THEOSOPHY: Meetings will resume September. SAE for programme, pamphlet, book list. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

THURSDAY, 12 AUGUST. *The Crisis in Poland* – Which Way Forward? Public Debate between Tadek Jarski, founder of 'Solidarity with Solidarity' and Viv Vanni of The Socialist Party of Great Britain. 8pm. The Prince Albert Pub, Wharfdale Road, Kings Cross, London N1. Admission Free.

MEDIA CULTURE & SOCIETY

SPECIAL ISSUE: THE INTELLECTUALS

Issue editors: Philip Schlesinger and Colin Sparks

Contents
Editorial
Philip Schlesinger: In Search of the Intellectuals: Some comments on recent theory
Mariam J. Kostecki and Krzysztof Mrela: Workers and Intelligentsia in Poland: during the last days and in between
Philip Elliott: Intellectuals, the 'Information Society' and the disappearance of the public sphere
Charles Kadushin: Intellectuals and cultural power
Keith A. Reader: The intellectuals: notes towards a comparative study of their position in the social formations of France and Britain
Edward S. Herman: The institutionalization of bias in economics
Book Reviews

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By taking 'the intellectuals' as its theme, this issue recognises the growing interest in the questions surrounding this social category. A unique article from Poland, by Miriam Kostecki and Krzysztof Mrela gives a devastatingly frank account of relations between workers and intelligentsia in the 'pulverized society' of today's Poland.
In the introductory essay, Philip Schlesinger sets out some contemporary concerns of theories of the intellectuals, and suggests the value of a comparative approach, sensitive to the relative autonomy of intellectual practices. He criticises Gouldner's new class theory and assesses some recent East European work.
Philip Elliott argues that prophecies of an 'information rich' society are misleading. Rather, he suggests, the pattern of media development now, and in the near future, will erode what is left of the public sphere, with negative effects on critical intellectual work, public service broadcasting and political debate.
The other contributors are also concerned with the impact of market forces on intellectual work. Edward Herman offers a critique of US political economists, who, he contends, are not scientifically detached, but take up problems dictated by their class position. In fact, he argues, they are ideologists. The present vogue for 'supply side' economics is determined by the market, one in which its protagonists seek rewards for their intellectual wares.
Charles Kadushin considers the market for books in the USA. During the past decade, he thinks, the decline of intellectual circles which link together publishers and academic entrepreneurs has reduced the marketability of high calibre books.
In some comparative observations, Keith Reader, by contrast, suggests that in France intellectual circles are alive and well, and taken seriously, unlike Britain. He outlines the problems in transferring Althusserian Marxism from its own national culture to Britain, stressing the different intellectual markets in each society.
This issue of *Media, Culture and Society*, international in scope, and wide-ranging in its theoretical perspectives and empirical reference points, makes a significant contribution to the study of the intellectuals.

ACADEMIC PRESS
A Subsidiary of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Publishers
24-28 Oval Road, London NW1 7DX, England

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed by QB Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd, at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY.
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